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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Many of the paragraphs in this book are reprinted from the "Evening Standard," by kind permission of the Editor.

From "IT IS LAUGHTER,"

by F. C. Wellman

" There's an inexpensive recipe for curing sundry ills,
Such as gout and indigestion, bilious fever and the chills,
Which the family physician
Would ascribe to malnutrition,
And attack with drugs and physic and with medicated pills.
You'd be astonished, really, at the benefit it yields —
Simply mix a little merriment and laughter with your meals.

It doesn't matter greatly what you drink or what you eat—
You can feed on roasted chicken or the toughest cuts of meat
If you don't believe it, try it,
Mingle laughter with your diet,
And your gastronomic functions would digest a rubber sheet
For the pancreatic organs do their work with double zest
If you intersperse the menu with a jolly little jest."

THE LAUGHTER LOVER'S VADE—MECUM.

7.15 a.m. Reflections whilst Shaving.

IT was Sydney Smith who was responsible for the remark that "His whole life has been passed like a razor—in hot water or a scrape."

THREE American artists were telling tall tales about their work. "The other day," said one, "I painted a little deal board in imitation of marble with such accuracy that, on being thrown into the water, it immediately sank to the bottom." "Faugh!" said another. "Yesterday I hung a thermometer on the easel supporting my view of the Polar region. It fell at once twenty degrees below freezing point." "All that is nothing," remarked the third artist. "My portrait of a prominent New York millionaire was so lifelike that it had to be shaved twice a week."

A GENTLEMAN stopping at a South of Ireland inn was surprised to find in the morning that his boots, left outside the bedroom door, remained uncleaned. Calling the landlord, he asked, indignantly: "What do you suppose I put my boots outside the

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door for ? ” “ Shure, an’ I don’t know, sir,” answered the landlord, perplexedly, “ unless it was that, begging yer honour’s pardon, ye were dhrunk.”

FEW of us have the courage to point out our own mistakes. That shows how brave our neighbours are.

GRATTAN used to study the art of oratory alone in his bedroom ; but not only there. He often walked in Windsor Park addressing the oaks in parliamentary strain. A stranger once found him haranguing an empty gibbet : “ However did you get down ? ” he politely asked, and Grattan’s eloquence was at once tested.

A CERTAIN man’s home had a gas plant to the north, a tannery to the east, and a soap factory to the west. A friend commiserated with this man on his home’s unpleasant situation, but he answered with a contented chuckle : “ Why, it’s fine to live here. I don’t need to go to the expense of a weather-cock to tell which way the wind is blowing.”

SEEING is believing ; but there are lots of people we see whom we don’t believe.

TWO old Scotchmen in a train were discussing the domestic unhappiness of a mutual friend. “ Aye, aye,” said

one, "Jamie Thompson has a sair time wi' that wife o' his. They say they're aye fechtin!" "What else can ye expect?" said the other scornfully, "the puir feckless creature marrit after coortin' for only seven year. Man, he had nae chance to ken the woman in sich a short time. When I was coortin' I coorted for twenty year." An amused listener to this dialogue now ventured to ask if this long courtship had ensured certain connubial bliss, whereupon the old Scotchman returned: "I tell ye I coorted for twenty year, and in that time I kent what wooman was, and so *I didna' marry!*"

"**ONE** virtue I can certainly lay claim to," once wrote Max O'Rell, discussing the subject of talkativeness, "and that is being able to hold my tongue in several languages!"

A FAMOUS divine, being asked whether he intended that his daughters should be instructed in the different languages, replied: "No; one tongue is sufficient for a woman."

"**MEN**, when they know ever so much about a subject, keep it all to themselves; women, when they know ever so little, talk about it all the time."

—From "*A Wife out of Egypt*," by Norma Lorimer:

HINTS to Census Commissioners.—To find out the number of children in a

street, begin beating a brass drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog fight.

AS the late Sir William Hamilton was one day walking near Glasgow, he met a well-known Scotchman of weak intellect. "I wonder," murmured the Professor, "how long a person can live without brains?" "I dinna ken," replied the Scotchman, who overheard him; "how auld are ye yersel?"

FROM a schoolboy's essay on soap:—

"Soap is a kind of stuff made in cakes what you can't eat. It smells good and tastes orful. Soap always tastes worst when you get it in your eye. Father says Eskimose don't never use soap; I wish I was an Eskimose."

"PLEASE, ma'am, I must have over-washed myself," is the latest excuse of the smart boy when asked by his teacher why he was so late for school.

AT the Hairdresser's.—Barber (beginning the hair cut): "Have you heard the story about the man that—(resuming business)—want it short, sir?" —Customer: "Yes; a mere synopsis will do!"

AN artist once gave up painting and went into the laundry business, the advantage being, as he said, that he

could now always be sure that his work would be hung on the line.

“YOUR hair is getting rather grey sir,” remarked the loquacious barber. “I should think it must be—aren’t you nearly finished?” sighed the long-suffering customer.

THE late Professor Jebb once asked a student to construe a passage from the Greek. The undergraduate, who was unprepared, began: “The dawn—the dawn.” “Yes, yes, go on.” “The dawn—was beginning to break.” “Yes, sir, go on.” But the student knew no more, and he began again: “The dawn was beginning to break——.” “Sir, sit down until you see daylight.”

AFTER gazing at the glories of the Victoria Falls, an American, asked how Niagara compared with it, replied: “Why, Niagara is only a profuse perspiration after this.”

NO professional man lives so much from hand to mouth as a dentist.

A WELSHMAN was seated at the door of his lodging when Sandy, his landlord, came up driving a big, fat pig. “One of your great relations, I suppose, Sandy?” exclaimed the visitor, pointing towards the pig. “No,” quietly retorted Sandy, “no relation at all, sir; just an acquaintance, like yerself.”

THE rural council were discussing a proposal to build a wall round the churchyard, and the tone of the meeting was strongly in favour of the motion, till a member rose and said : " Those outside the churchyard don't want to get in, and those inside can't get out. What do we want a wall for ? "

AN instance of humour surviving to the last is furnished by Lord Palmerston's remark, when apprised by his doctor that the end was near. " Die, doctor ! " he said. " Why, that is the last thing I shall do ! " ,

" HAVE you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you ? " asked the judge. " The only thing I'm objecting to," answered the convicted burglar, " is bein' identified by a man wot kep' his head under the bedclothes the whole time. That ain't English justice."

7.45 a.m. Laughter in the Post.

THE following is a genuine letter received by the representative of a big firm in Ontario :—

" Dear Friend,—I got the valve which i buy from you alrite but why for god's sake dodn you send no handle i loose to me my customer sure thing.

" You dodn treat me right is my money not soggood as the other fellow.

i waste ten daz and my customer he holler for water like hel by the valve. You know he is not summer now, and the wind he no blow the wheel, and the valve she got no handle, so what the hel i goan do. You dodn send me the handle pretty quick i send her back and i order some valve from — Compane. goodbye. . . .

“Since i write these letter i find the dam handle in the bocks. excuse me.”

A YOUNG actor, being very hard up, wrote to another :—

“Dear I.,—Can you lend me 2s. until Saturday ?—H.

“P.S.—On second thoughts, will you make it 3s. ? ”

The friend replied :—

“Dear H.,—Regret I have only 1s., which I enclose.—Yours, I.

“P.S.—On second thoughts, I find I must change it for dinner.”

A YOUNG spark who had received a threatening letter from his tailor wrote back : “Enclosed please find £10. I’m hanged if I can.”

A right-handed man named Wright, In writing “write ” always wrote “rite,”

Where he meant to write right.

If he’d written “right ” right.

Wright would not have wrought rot writing “rite.”

A HOUSEHOLDER once said to a tax-collector, "You are the man whom nobody likes to see," whereupon the tax-collector retorted : "Now, that's strange, because I'm generally asked to call again !"

NEPHEW writes : "Dear Uncle,—I want £100 very badly indeed. I am sending this by a messenger who will wait for your answer. If you could only see what blushes it costs me to write this, you would take pity on me. . . . P.S.—After wrtting this I felt so ashamed that I ran after the messenger to get back my letter from him, but I couldn't catch him up. Heaven grant it may never reach you !"

Uncle replies : "Dear Nephew,—Cheer up, and stop blushing. Heaven heard your prayer. The messenger lost your letter."

8.0 a.m. Laughter at Breakfast.

WHILE in court one day, when Vice-Chancellor Bacon and Vice-Chancellor Malins were sitting together, an egg was thrown at the latter, who remarked : "Who threw that ? Let him stand up. He must have meant it for my brother Bacon !"

AT Baltimore, the centre of a great canning industry, their axiom of life is : "We eat what we can, and we can what we can't."

ON reaching the breakfast-table in a London hotel, a guest sat down and gazed at the coffee. The waiter came up, and could not understand his fixed stare.

"Good morning! Looks like rain, sir!"

"It does," came the answer, "but the odour has a slight suggestion of coffee!"

WHEN a man celebrates the anniversary of his birth he takes a day off; a woman generally takes a year off.

A SCOTCH minister who was taking tea with one of his parishioners remarked to his hostess that the tea-pot had but a poor spout. "Aye," she replied, "it's just like yersel'; it has an uncœ' bad delivery."

ASKED where the home of the swallow is, a small boy, whose mind was evidently a trifle confused, replied: "The home of the swallow is in the stummick."

"LEEZIE, wumman," the old Highlander complained to his wife at breakfast, "thae eggs are mighty hard boiled again." "Nae wonder, John," replied his wife triumphantly, "whan the lassie boiled them by the kitchen clock, an' forgot it wis five meenits slow."

THE missionary smiled benevolently on the native tribes around him. "I will cure them all of cannibalism," he said, hopefully, as he retired to the special hut the tribe had prepared for him. There he was shortly afterwards joined by a native. "The king has sent me to dress you for dinner," said the man. "Ah!" smiled the missionary. "How thoughtful of him. You are the royal valet, I suppose?" "No," replied the native, "I'm the royal cook."

A WEALTHY American lady once consulted an English friend about having a coat-of-arms. She explained that her husband was a pork butcher—but he had royal warriors among his ancestors. "Well," said the waggish friend, "how would you like the motto, 'The Pen is Mightier than the Sword'?"

A WAG, who thought to have a joke at the expense of a Scotch provision dealer, said: "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?" "Sandy," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this gentleman three pig's feet."

AMONG the members of a working gang on a certain railroad was an Irishman who claimed to be very good at figures. The boss, thinking that he would get ahead of Pat, said "Say, Pat, how many shirts can you get out of a yard?" "That depinds," answered Pat, "on whose yard you get into."

“DON’T you think it’s very cruel to drive that horse uphill so fast ? ” said a humane passer-by. “ Up-hill is it ? ” returned Pat, “ Begorra, that’s no cruelty. The baste’s blind, and he can’t see it ! ”

PAT was trying to give a definition of the thinness of an acquaintance. “ Shure,” he remarked to a friend, “ you’re thin and I’m thin, but he’s thinner than both av us put together ! ”

WHEN an Irish millionaire, after having breakfasted at a Scotch inn, called for his bill, he observed an enormous charge for eggs. Sending for the proprietor, and, holding the bill in his hand, he said : “ Faith, man, eggs must be very scarce here in Scotland ? ” “ Oh, no, sir, eggs aren’t at all scarce, but Irish millionaires are ! ”

GROCER : “ Are you aware, mum, that the shilling you paid for the eggs this morning was a bad one ? ” Customer : “ Was it ? Well, so were the eggs.”

IN the old dismantled church of Flaunden service in former years was only held once a month, by a curate who came from Hemel Hempstead, seven miles away, and only then if the weather was fine enough for his long tramp. It was the custom for the verger to mount a neighbouring hill, and if he saw the

curate approaching, to return to the church and ring the bell.

One day a party of visitors from Latimer (Lord Chesham's place) visited the old church, and one of the ladies of the party expressed a wish to come again when service was being held. "Well," said the verger's wife, "there will be service here next Sunday if it does not rain, but I hope it will." "Why do you hope it will rain next Sunday?" asked the visitor. "Well, you see," replied the verger's wife, "my hen is sitting upon eggs in the pulpit, and the curate won't come if it rains."

—*From Cuccan's "History of Hertfordshire."*

IN illustrating that there is a reason for all things, Congressman Eugene Ransdell, of Louisiana, told this incident of a wealthy American lady who, on going into one of her rooms, found a chair thickly coated with dust. Calling one of the maids, she said, angrily: "Jane, I want you to look at this chair. It is literally covered with dust!" "Yessum," promptly replied the imperturbable Jane, "I s'pose nobody hain't set in it lately."

IT is related of a Scotch landlady that on reading in Corinthians, where Paul says, "Whatsoever is set before you, eat, asking no question for conscience sake," that she said with a sigh—"Eh! what a grand lodger he would have made."

THE small boy was being reproved by his mother. "Why can't you be good?" she asked. "I'll be good for a ha'penny," he said. "Ah!" responded the mother, "you want to be bribed. You should copy your father and be good for nothing."

THE force of habit is illustrated in the case of a retired milkman, who says he never sees a can of water without having an almost irresistible desire to put some milk into it.

A WOMAN was complaining to her dairyman about the quality of his milk. "Short o' grass feed, mum," said the milkman. "Bless you, these cows o' mine are just as sorry about it as I am. I often stands and watches 'em cryin'. You don't believe it?" "Oh, yes, I believe it," said the customer, dryly, "but I wish in future you'd see that they don't drop their tears into our can."

"MAY I ask," inquired Mrs. Starvem, the boarding-house landlady, "why you are putting your coffee cup on the chair?" "Because," returned the boarder, "the coffee seems so weak I thought I'd let it take a rest."

"COOK," said the young wife, nervously, "I'm afraid I must speak to you. Master is always complaining

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about the food." Cook : "Lor', mum, I'm sorry for you. It must be awful to live with a gentleman like that !"

AN Irish M.P. was telling a story of a man who complained to three friends, an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an Irishman, that his servant was constantly breaking china. "What do you think I ought to do with her ?" he asked. The Englishman said : "Dismiss her." But as she was otherwise an excellent servant her master was unwilling to do that. "Then take it out of her wages," suggested the thrifty Scot. "That wouldn't do much good," was the reply, "for her wages are less than the amount of damage she does." "Then raise her wages !" said the Irishman promptly.

THIS story is recalled of Sir Leopold McClintock, the Arctic explorer, who at the time was giving an account of his experiences amid the ice fields. "We certainly would have travelled much farther," he explained, "had not our dogs given out at a critical time." "But," exclaimed the young woman who had been listening intently, "I thought that the Eskimo dogs were perfectly tireless creatures." Sir Leopold's face wore a whimsically gloomy expression as he replied : "I—er—speak in a culinary sense, madam."

A ROMANTIC father, whose name was Rose, called his daughter "Wild," so that she grew up with the name "Wild rose." But in a few years she fell in love and married. Her husband's name was Bull.

TEACHER: "Define quartz." Milkman's son (absently): "A pint and a half."

8.30 a.m. Laughter over the Newspaper. .

SOME years ago the first three horses in the Lincoln Handicap were Ob, Dean Swift, and Roseate Dawn. A Press agency in London wired the result to an Australian paper as follows: "Lincoln Ob Dean Swift Roseate Dawn." The sub-editor who was in charge had never heard of the Lincoln Handicap, and for some time puzzled vainly over the mysterious message. Finally he came to the conclusion that "Ob" must stand for *obit*, the Latin word expressing a death notice. He accordingly turned out the following paragraph, which duly appeared in print: "We deeply regret to announce the death at Lincoln of the celebrated Dean Swift, the author of that favourite hymn, 'The Roseate Hues of Early Dawn.'"

MR. LUTHER MUNDAY once had aspirations as a poet, and sent to Sir James Knowles (editor of the "Nine-

teenth Century ") a sonnet called "Why do I live?" Sir James replied: "You live, dear Munday, because you sent your poem by post and did not bring it yourself."

"DID you see those jokes I sent you last week?" the caller inquired. "No," returned the editor of the comic weekly, handing him an envelope; "I read them, but I couldn't see them!"

THIS story is told of an editor (American presumably) who ordered a story of a certain length, and discovered the novelist had written several hundred words too many. In order to make the story fit the space at his disposal, the last few paragraphs were condensed into a single sentence. This is the way it read: "Von Berken took a small glass of whisky, his hat, his departure, no notice of his pursuers, a revolver out of his pocket, and, finally, his life."

THE director of a famous printing house, while on his death-bed, was requested to be composed. "Distributed, you mean," was the faint reply.

THE Miseries of Editing.—The late Mr. W. T. Stead was once asked at the dinner table if he would take some pudding. In a fit of abstraction he replied "Owing to the crowd of other matter, I am unable to find room for it."

A REPORTER on a small Western daily succeeded in getting into type an item about "Willie Brown, the boy who was burned in the West End by a live wire." Later he found on his desk a frigid note from the proof-reader, asking, "Which is the west end of a boy?" It took only an instant to reply, "The end the son sets on, of course."

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE once gave the following recipe :—

8 pipes equal 1 ounce,
7 ounces equal one week,
2 weeks equal 1 chapter,
20 chapters equal 1 nib,
2 nibs equal 1 novel.

"YOU can't expect us to accept stuff like this," said the indignant American editor; "it isn't poetry at all—it's simply gas!" "I see," said the unruffled poet, "something wrong with the metric!"

THE story is told of a novelist who was reproaching another for the long intervals between his books. "My dear fellow," he said, "I can turn out a novel in three or four weeks, and think nothing of it." "Very likely that is what the public will think of it, too," replied his friend.

MARK TWAIN disliked working to order, and would only write what pleased him. Mr. Bigelow Paine in

“Harper’s” quotes him as saying : “ If a man comes to me and says, ‘ Mr. Clemens, I want you to write me a story,’ I’ll write for him ; but if he undertakes to tell me what to write I’ll say, ‘ Go and hire a typewriter.’ ”

“ I HAD a queer experience lately,” writes a Minor Poet. “ A robber held me up on the highway. Didn’t have a half-penny in my pockets—only a poem which I was taking to an editor. Well, the highwayman didn’t even take it. No, he read three lines of it, handed it back to me, and said : ‘ Friend, here’s five shillings: You need it worse than I do.’ ”

I N a Kansas City court recently a negro in the witness box was being questioned about a sick horse.

“ What was the matter with the horse ? ” asked the lawyer.

“ He was ailin’,” replied the witness.

“ Yes, I know,” said the questioner, “ but what was the matter ? ”

“ He wah jes ailin’.”

“ But what was wrong ? From what disease was he suffering ? ”

“ Jes ailin’,” persisted the negro.

The lawyer was quiet a moment. Then he had a bright idea. He would try to get at the horse’s symptoms.

“ Well, how do you know he was ailing ? ” he asked.

“ ‘ Cause he died,” replied the witness.

—“ *Porto Rico Times.* ”

“OUR own correspondent” writes :
 “A conference held recently in Burma was addressed by Tripitakawagiswaracharya Heyantuduve Sri Devamitta, Tripitakawagiswaracharya Dharmakirti Sri Dharmarama, Tripitakawagiswaracharya Mahagoda Sri Naneswara of Sabaragamuwa, the Reverend Purijjala Sarananakara, and the Reverend Suriyagoda Sumangala, representing the Parāmadhamma Cetiya Parivena.”

It has not yet been possible to confirm this information.

PROFESSOR HOWARD MARSH has just told the story of a lodger who complained of the “lunatic” above him who walked the floor all night talking to himself. The “lunatic” was John Bright preparing his speeches, and one recalls how Grattan in like circumstances concerned his landlady : “It was a sad thing,” she used to lament, “to hear her young lodger talking half the night to somebody he called ‘Mr. Speaker,’ when there was no speaker present but himself.”

AN American dramatic critic is going around boasting of the extraordinary precocity of his four-year-old son. When asked by someone to name his father’s profession the youngster instantly replied : “He’s a dam-at-it kick-it.”

THE latest schoolboy’s howler describes Esau as a writer of fables, who sold his copyright for a bottle of potash.

A CARELESS compositor, in setting up the words, "Woman : without her, man would be a savage," put the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read : "Woman, without her man, would be a savage."

A GIRL once explained the difference between printing and publishing. "You may print a kiss on my cheek," she said, "but you must not publish it."

FOR Writers and Speakers. — Think before you speak. Before you write, think twice. And before you print, three times.

THE negro melody, relating to Uncle Ned, in which the following lines occur :—

"And there grew no wool on the top
of his head,
On the place where the wool ought
to grow."

was once parodied to imitate the diction of a leading daily newspaper :—

"And there subsisted no capillary appendage on the summit of his cranium, on the region where the capillary appendage ought to subsist."

ANSWERS to Correspondents in "*Books of To-day and To-morrow*" :—

"Dernier Cri" wants to know of "a suitable humorous recitation to give when we have friends." Ah ! "Dernier Cri," reflect. A humorous recitation

is so easy to give, and friends are so difficult to keep.

Bachelor.—To cure yourself of that distressing shyness, try and do a brave deed every day. Ring a bell for a waitress, for instance, in a tea-shop, or pay a cabman his exact legal fare.

“Piscator” asks the question, “Can fish smell?” If you keep them long enough, yes—very badly.

8.45 a.m. Laughter on a Journey.

A SUPREME instance of absent-mindedness is the case of a man who, while hurrying to catch a train, thought he had forgotten his watch, and took it out to see if he had time to go home and get it!

“DON’T you get tired answering foolish questions?” asked a lady of the booking clerk at the railway station. “Awfully,” replied the clerk with a yawn; “I’ve answered that one about twenty times to-day.”

OVERHEARD at a suburban station:—
Guard.—“Sir, this is not a smoking carriage.”

Passenger.—“I am quite aware of that; I’m not smoking.”

Guard.—“But you have your pipe in your mouth.”

Passenger.—“Yes, and I have got my feet in my boots, but I am not walking.”

AT WATERLOO STATION.—“Is all my luggage in the van?” “Yes, madam.” “Have I left nothing behind?” “No, madam, not even a copper.”

A MAN was travelling recently while afflicted with a very bad cough. He annoyed his fellow-travellers greatly, till finally one of them remarked, in acid tones: “Sir, that is a very bad cough of yours!” “True, sir,” replied the traveller, “but you will excuse me; it’s the best I’ve got!”

TWO Highlanders, in Glasgow for the first time, were taking a walk through the city. They encountered, much to their astonishment, a cart watering the street. Never having seen anything of the kind before, James, under a mistaken idea, ran after the cart and cried out to the driver: “Hey, man—hey, man, yer losin’ all the water!” His companion, much annoyed at James’ want of knowledge, ran after him, caught him by the arm, and said, rather testily: “James, man, dinna be showin’ yer ignorance. D’ye no see it’s to keep the laddies off the back o’ the cart!”

MR. CHARLES COBORN has quoted the Scotsman’s prayer: “Oh, Lord, gie me the grace to pray for the richt thing, for ye ken what I am when ma mind’s made up!”

A CERTAIN Scottish minister who prides himself on his good looks was visiting a member of his congregation recently, when he encountered a very shy little girl of four. "Haven't you a word for the minister, Maggie?" asked her mother, to which the girl ingenuously replied, "But he's no' a bonnie man!" The minister soon afterwards called upon two maiden ladies, and, thinking to get a different opinion of himself, he related what the little girl had said. "Ah! well," replied one, "you're aye sure to get the truth frae a wean!"

BEFORE he became famous, a Scotch preacher whose eloquence was thrown away on his country parishioners, remarked to the beadle that as the acoustic properties of the church were none of the best, an improvement might be effected by boarding up one of the side aisles. "That may do very weel for you," replied the shrewd old beadle, "but what will we do for room if we should get a popular preacher to follow you?"

AN Irish railway conductor was trying to make room for more passengers than the train would hold. "Will them in front," he said, "plaze move up so that them behind c'n take th' places ov them in front, an' lave room f'r them that's neither in front nor behind?"

FAT Gent in Train : "Why don't one of you young gents get up and let one of these ladies sit down ? "

One of the Young Gents : "Why don't you get up and let them all sit down ? "

THE Penalty of Politeness. — "I noticed," said the husband, "you didn't say 'thank you' to the man who gave you his seat in the car this evening." "No," replied the wife ; "you see, I once stopped to say thank you, and by the time I had done so I found that another woman had the seat."

TRY this on the family noodle : "A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper," etc., etc., and so forth !

WE give the following contribution though ordinarily it would have been "barrh-ed" :—

I climb upon an open carrh

And gently puff at my cigarrh ;

A chilly breeze,

Anon I sneeze.

I get catarrh—and there you arrh.

"**I** SUPPOSE if I pay a penny for my dog, he will have the same privileges as the other passengers—I mean, he

may have a seat ? ” “ Certainly, madam,” replied the conductor ; “ on the same terms as other passengers : he will not be allowed to put his feet on the seat.”

ASKED how he liked the new Scotch minister, “ Oh,” replied the beadle, “ he’s a very guid man, but I would rather have Mr. Mitchell.” “ So you think our former reverend was a better preacher ? ” “ Naw ; we’ve a guid enough preacher now.” “ Then why do you prefer Mr. Mitchell ? ” “ Weel, sir, if you maun ken the reason, Mr. Mitchell’s auld clothes fitted me best.”

AN old lady spending a holiday in a remote village in Scotland attended the kirk on Sunday, and, being very deaf, did not forget to take her ear trumpet, which the verger, in ignorance of such things, noted with distrust and suspicion. He kept a watchful eye on the lady, and catching her in the act of bringing the instrument into play, hurried forward with an earnest but peremptory warning. “ Wumman ! ” he exclaimed, “ juist haud yer hand. One toot and ye’re oot ! ”

IT was a miserably wet night, and the car was crowded. Suddenly a coin dropped, and one of the passengers picked it up. “ Who has dropped a shilling ? ” he asked. “ I have,” replied one of the passengers. “ Did yours have

a hole in it ? ” asked the finder. “ Yes,” was the stout reply. “ Oh, well, this one hasn’t,” said the man as he walked out of the car !

MRS. A. : “ While I was going downtown on the car this morning the conductor came along and looked at me as if I had not paid my fare.” Mr. A. : “ Well, what did you do ? ” Mrs. A. : “ I looked at him as if I had.”

OWING to fog, a steamer stopped at the mouth of a river. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay. “ Can’t see up the river,” replied the officer. “ But, captain, I can see the stars overhead,” she argued. “ Yes,” said the captain gruffly, “ but until the boilers bust we ain’t a-goin’ that way.”

TWO countrymen were among the recruits mustered on the drill ground and one of them, remarkably raw, asked his companion what to do when he got the order “ Halt.” “ Well,” was the reply, “ when he says ‘ Halt ! ’ yez bring the fut that’s on the ground to the soide of the fut that’s in the air, and thin remain quite motionless ! ”

THIS story is from Mrs. Jerrold’s book, “ The Married Life of Queen Victoria.” Sometimes Prince Albert found it difficult to understand words, and during his first visit to Scotland it is recorded that someone mentioned Ben

Lomond to him. This seemed familiar, and the Prince discouraged familiarity. "What did you say?" he asked. "Ben Lomond," replied the equerry. "Oh, Benjamin Lomond," responded the Prince, laying stress on Benjamin.

"I HAD to appear in court yesterday."
"What for?" "Riding a cycle furiously through a public thoroughfare."
"How did you get on?" "Fine."
—"Cycling."

TWO Scotsmen who had been spending a very convivial evening were returning home together. "John," said one of them, "just stop a minit till I gang on aheid. Perhaps I dinna walk steady-like, an' the wife might guess something." Proceeding twenty yards or so by himself, he shouted back, "Hoo is that? Am I waulkin' straight?" "Oh, aye," was the answer, "ye're a' richt, but, mon, the one that's w'i ye is awfu' onsteady!"

9.30 a.m. Laughter in the Day's Work.

PAT came along while Mike was painting a fence in tremendous haste. "What are ye wurrkin' so fast for?" he inquired. "Shure," said Mike, "I'm trying to get through paintin' the barn before my paint gives out!"

A SHOEMAKER in Kansas City had a sign above his door which read, "A. Swindler." One day a gentleman came in and said : " Why don't you put your Christian name on that sign instead of your initial ? People will think you are a rogue." " Why, dot would make it worse," said the shoemaker. " It is Adam."

A SUNDAY SCHOOL class had been reading the Bible story of Joseph, and the minister had come to examine the scholars. The replies to all his questions had been quick, intelligent, and correct. " What great crime did these sons of Jacob commit ? " " They sold their brother Joseph." " Quite correct. And for how much ? " " Twenty pieces o' silver." " And what added to the cruelty and wickedness of these bad brothers ? " (No answer.) " What made their treachery even more detestable and heinous ? " Then a bright little fellow stretched out an eager hand. " Well, my little man ? " " Please, sir, they sellt him ower cheap ! "

A STRIKE for higher wages is threatened amongst the lift-boys of New York. And yet they get plenty of rises !

AN American merchant discovered that a man had been falsely representing himself as a collector for the firm, and taking more money than any two of the firm's agents. " And so," said the

merchant to the police, "I want him collared as quickly as possible." Detective : "All right. I'll have him in gaol in less than a week." Merchant : "Great Scott, man ! I don't want to put him in gaol ; I want to engage him."

THE other day a big Cornishman knocked a three-storey house down with a single blow of a hammer. He was an auctioneer.

WITH a bright and breezy air, the commercial traveller entered the grocer's shop, opened his bag, spread his samples on the counter, and smiled expectantly. The grocer was in no mood for travellers ; with a sweep of his hand he threw the articles into the street, and hurled their owner after them. Picking himself and his goods out of the mud, the traveller re-entered. "Joking apart," he said, "what about these samples ?"

A JOLLY group of travelling men had just got comfortably settled in the hotel when another arrived. "Mighty glad to see you fellows," he exclaimed enthusiastically, shaking hands all around. "Sorry we can't say as much for you," returned one of the group. "Oh, you could, all right, if you'd lie like I do," replied the newcomer.

IT is better to be up and doing than to be down and being done.

HELD up by highwaymen who demanded all his money, a rather meek but whimsical clergyman is reported to have said: "Ah, gentlemen, I might, indeed, have something to give you if only I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then!"

A LITTLE girl had been to church for the first time. On returning home her mother asked her what she thought of church.

"I liked it very much," she replied, "but there was one thing I didn't think was fair."

"What was that, dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, one man did all the work, and then another man came around and got all the money."

A RAILWAYMAN was once taken to hear the preaching of a Bishop who was rather long-winded and prosy. The preacher roamed in all the fields of human thought and speculation, and when he had come several times to an admirable stopping place, only took renewed strength to go on. Finally he reached a belated end. "What do you think of the Bishop's preaching?" asked a parishioner of the railroad man. "He makes fairly good running time," he admitted, "and he carries plenty of freight. But he hasn't got good terminal facilities."

A WELL-ESTEEMED preacher in a New England community that was rather notorious for the stinginess of its inhabitants suddenly announced his resignation, and the deacons immediately sought him out for his reasons. "My decision has been brought out by the negligence of my congregation," announced the divine. "Why, sir," protested one of his hearers, "I can't see how you can accuse us of negligence. The church is crowded every Sunday." "Oh, yes," agreed the preacher, "but what I accuse you of is contributory negligence."

IT is the privilege of few to have their faces on coins. Most people are content to get their hands on them.

TWO wags were discussing with lamentations the decadence of art. "Look," one said, "at the great Italian school of painters. Look even at the old Greeks! Why, Zeuxis painted grapes to look so natural that birds came to peck at them." "He did, did he?" said the other. "That's nothing. I've got a friend who paints a dog looking so natural that he has to paint a muzzle on him to keep him from biting."

MR. CHARLES COBORN relates this anecdote: An old country gentleman, returning home rather late, discovered a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his

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business there, stated that he had come a-courting. "Come a-what?" said the irate gentleman. "A-courting, sir. I's courting Mary." "It's a lie!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man." "No, sir," was the yokel's reply; "I didn't think yer 'ad, judgin' by the missis!"

IS a telephone girl's occupation a trade or a profession? was recently asked. Merely a "calling," we should say.

ERRAND BOY to Employer: "I wish to leave at the end of the week."

Employer: "Why do you want to leave? I thought you were satisfied with your work."

"So I am," replied the boy, "but I don't like doing a horse out of a job."

A TRAVELLER was explaining to a customer that if he used a certain patent stove he would save half of his coal bill. "Oh, well," said the customer, "send me two, and I'll dispense with coals altogether!"

MISTRESS: "Why didn't you come when I rang, Mary?" Maid: "I didn't hear the bell, mum." Mistress: "Well, in future when you don't hear the bell ring you must come and tell me."

"IF this action is taken it will bind the mouths of the committee hand and

foot," said a speaker at a co-operative society meeting the other day.

"MY grandmother——," began the young clerk on the eve of a big football match, when the manager interrupted him with : "I know that tale." "My grandmother," the boy continued, unabashed, "died before I was born, and I ain't never had an excuse for going to a mid-week match." "George Washington," answered the manager, "you may go. You take the hatchet."

"I MADE an awful mistake the other day," said the modern Bob Sawyer, sadly. "Operated on a man for appendicitis, and he didn't have what I thought." "He hadn't appendicitis at all, then ?" "Oh, yes, he had appendicitis all right, but he didn't have any money !"

AN amusing story is told of an absent-minded young lawyer who had been sent by his firm to interview an important client in regard to a case then pending in the courts. Later the head of his firm received this telegram : "Have forgotten name of client ; please wire at once." This was the reply sent : "Client's name Jenkins ; your name Smith."

WHEN told by his father that he must now go to work, as he had attained his "majority," the promising son replied : "That's all very well, guv'nor, but mine isn't a working majority."

BY way of encouraging his students in the study of geology, the master announced that on a specified morning he would classify any interesting specimens of stones or minerals they might choose to lay on his desk. Accordingly, the more conscientious hunted diligently, and brought their specimens as desired. But among these was a fragment of brick cunningly painted to deceive the professional eye. On the appointed day the master proceeded to deal with them, and, taking them up, one by one, classified them as follows : " This, gentlemen, is a specimen of gold-bearing quartz. Here, again, we have a very satisfactory sample of porphyry ; and here," taking up the brick and scrutinising it closely, " here we have a specimen of what damned fools come to my class."

A WITTY American bishop was being shown through a small college, to whose board of trustees he had been elected. It was a warm day, and as the episcopal party crossed the campus, the bishop noticed scores of students who had flung themselves on the grass and lay there sleeping. The scene suggested a picture of a battlefield. The dean, his companion, opened a class-room door. A particularly prosy professor was holding forth. " This, bishop, is math.," he said in the college lingo. " Ah, yes," said the bishop ; then pointing to the sleeping students he added : " And this, I suppose, is aftermath."

"NOW, my boy," said the Scotch minister, "you know the parables. Which do you like best?" The boy hesitated, then replied: "I like that ane whaur somebody loafs and fishes."

A GERMAN shoemaker in Kimberley left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and upon arriving in the morning struck a match to light it. There was a terrific explosion, and the shoemaker was blown out through the door, almost to the middle of the street. A passer-by rushed to his assistance, and after helping him to rise, inquired if he was injured. The little German gazed in at his place of business, which was now burning quite briskly, and said,

"No, I ain't hurt. But I got out shust in time, eh?"

A BOY went into a tuck shop and asked for a two-penny bun. On being given the bun he declared he had changed his mind, and would rather have twopennyworth of biscuits. The bun was taken back, and he was given biscuits. Averring that he had again changed his mind he asked for a twopenny glass of lemonade. The biscuits were taken back and he was given the lemonade. This he drank, and was walking out of the shop when the attendant said: 'Stop, you have not paid for the lemonade.'

Boy.—'No, I gave you back the biscuits for the lemonade.'

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Attendant.—‘But you did not pay for the biscuits.’

Boy.—‘No,’ I gave you back the bun for the biscuits.’

Attendant.—‘But you did not pay for the bun.’

Boy.—‘I have not had the bun; there it is on the counter.’

The boy then walked out of the shop.

THE less a man does, the more time he has for thinking what to do next.

“THERE is a good deal in a name,” says an American paper. “In one store were recently employed two men, one named Cannon and the other Ball. Well Cannon was fired and Ball was bounced.”

THE Freshman: “Oh—er—might I be excused from my lectures for a few days? The truth is—er—I want very much to attend the funeral of an old and trusted friend.” The Dean: “Well, really, Robinson, I wonder if that’s quite necessary? Now, if it were your father or your mother, I should, of course, be only too delighted.”

—“*Century Magazine.*”

A COMPETITOR in a recent athletic competition complained bitterly because he was described in an American newspaper report as a “lightweight champion.” He happened to be a coal Merchant!

ONCE upon a time a Wise Man penned a letter full of confidential statements, and at the end he wrote this line, heavily underscored: "Burn this letter!" Then, being a Wise Man, he took his own advice and burned the letter himself.—*London Opinion*.

A SCOTSMAN and an American were among the passengers in an Edinburgh train, when the American began to smoke. Being in a non-smoking compartment, the Scotsman asked him to put out his cigar, but the American refused, whereupon the protesting passenger called the guard. Before he could explain, however, the American interposed. "Guard," he said, "this is a first-class compartment, and if you examine that gentleman's ticket I guess you will find it is third-class." And so it was. The Scotsman, looking extremely uncomfortable, retired. "Guess I got the better of that," said the American, as he drew his cigar case from his pocket for another cigar; but he had accidentally drawn his own ticket out with it, and it fluttered to the floor. It also was third-class!

A silly young fellow named Vaughan,
 Who treated his boss with much
 scaughan,
 Now belongs to the clique
 Who earn nothing per wique,
 And his best clothes are resting in paughan.

1.0 p.m. Laughter at Lunch.

A FRENCHMAN, staying in a London hotel, had just been presented with his bill. Though he paid it without formal protest, he was most indignant at its amount. "I vish to see ze proprietaire!" he exclaimed, with a flourish, to the clerk. In a moment the proprietor entered. The Frenchman was all smiles. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I must embrace you!" "But why should you wish to embrace me, sir?" asked the astonished hotel-keeper, "I do not understand." "Look at zees bill!" "Yes, your receipted bill. What of it?" "What of it? Simply zees, saire; it means zat I shall nevaire, no nevaire, see you again!"

OVERHEARD in a fashionable grill-room of the West End:—

Lady.—"Waiter, what is your name?"

Waiter.—"Hans, madame."

Lady.—"How funny! I had once a little dog called Hans."

"**NOTHING** comes to him who waits," remarked the philosopher. How about tips?

"**WAITER**," said the diner irritably, "tell the orchestra to play something sad and low—it might have a softening influence on this steak!"

“**WAITER!**” The voice of the customer rose in accents of wrath from his table by the window.

“Yes, sir,” replied the waiter, bustling forward. The customer swallowed several times quickly before he could command his voice. “Here—take—take this egg away!” he roared.

“Yes, sir,” said the waiter. “And what shall I do with it, sir?” The man rose menacingly in his chair.

“Do with it!” he bellowed. “Do with it? Wring its neck!”

“**WAITER**, you’re a beastly long time over that ox-tail soup I ordered!”

“Yessir, ox-tail is always be’ind, sir—y’know, sir.”—*John Bull*.

A DINER was about to order lamb in a restaurant where the waiters were slow, when his friend interrupted him. “Don’t,” he said, “I never order lamb in this place; it’s always mutton before you get it.”

THIS story is told of Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who was one of the guests at an American millionaire’s dinner. The millionaire was a free spender, but he wanted full credit for every dollar put out. And as the dinner progressed he told his guests what the more expensive dishes had cost. He dwelt especially on the expense of the large and beautiful grapes, each bunch a

foot long, each grape bigger than a plum. He told, down to a penny, what he had figured out that the grapes had cost him apiece. The guests looked annoyed. They ate the expensive grapes charily. But Dr. Hale, smiling, held out his plate, and said: "Would you mind cutting me off about 1.87 dol. worth more, please.?"

A CERTAIN American aviator's wife was taking her first trip with her husband in his airship. "Wait a minute, George," she said. "I'm afraid we will have to go down again." "What's wrong?" asked her husband. "I believe I have dropped one of the pearl buttons off my jacket. I think I can see it glistening on the ground." "That's all right, my dear," said the aviator; "that's Lake Erie."

RUSHING into the Cheshire Cheese the other day, an American said to one of the waiters:

"Say, I've come right here from Hartford, Conn., and I want to see the exact spot where Oliver Cromwell used to sit with Queen Elizabeth on Wednesdays when she came to have her favourite chop!"

CHATTY WAITER (glancing out of window): "The rain'll be 'ere in a minute or two now, sir." Customer: "Well, I didn't order it; I'm waiting for a chop"

TWO Oxonians were dining together.

One of them (noticing a spot of grease on the tie of his companion) said : "I see you're a Grecian." "Pooh!" said the other, "that's far-fetched." "No, indeed," said the punster, "I made it on the spot."

HERE'S my latest picture," said the sanguine artist ; "it is called 'The Fray.' I felt the subject very strongly—war is such a terrible thing." "Oh, I don't think it's as bad as it's painted," said the friend.

ATTORNEY W. H. BOYD has lost more umbrellas than any man in Ohio, and this story is told of him. Recently he went out to a luncheon, desperately clutching a new umbrella. "This doesn't belong to me," he announced. "I borrowed it and I don't intend to lose it." "Tie it to the table leg," one friend suggested. "Get the waiter to hold it for you," another volunteered. "Have it put in the safe," a third advised. Boyd ignored them all. He placed the umbrella on the floor and planted both feet firmly upon it, to the hilarious delight of his friends. Then when he finished his luncheon he walked away and left it.

"WAITER," said the hungry diner scanning the menu of the third-rate restaurant, "I think I'll have a bit of everything!" "Right, sir," replied

the waiter ; then (at the speaking tube) :
 “ ‘Ash for one ! ’ ”

“ **L**OOK here, waiter,” said an indignant diner who found a piece of wood in a sausage, “ I don’t mind eating a bit of dog, but I’m hanged if I’m going to tackle the kennel.”

MR. JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, the American author, tells a story of an old fellow who asked for work at the Riley farm in the poet’s boyhood. He was set at hoeing potatoes, but did not prove to be especially industrious. When taken to task for his lack of application he only replied : “ Waal, the good book says, ‘ Do all things in moderation.’ ” “ Well, it came on dinner time at last,” says the humorist, “ and the old codger did his share nobly. In fact, he ate enough to kill two or three ordinary men. Some one gently hinted that the text didn’t seem to apply. He opened a worn little Bible and imperturbably pointed to a passage. It read : ‘ Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.’ ”

“ **I** SAY, waiter,” said the diner, “ isn’t there some soup on this bill of fare ? ” “ Not now, sir. There was, but I wiped it off.”

LADY (to grocer) : “ What have you in the shape of cucumbers this morning ? ” Grocer (promptly) : “ Bananas, mum.”

MARY had a little lamb;
Observe the tense, we pray,
For with the prices that prevail
It couldn't be to-day.
—*Royal Magazine.*

THE Old Saying.—“Is this a good chicken,” asked the lady. “Yes, ma'am,” said the marketman, confidently—as was his wont. “Then the old saying is wrong,” she replied. “What old saying?” demanded the marketman. “The old saying that ‘the good die young’!”

SHE: “But don't you think that everybody should learn to swim?”

He: “Certainly not! What would you think of a fish that insisted on trying to learn to walk on dry land?”

—*Boston Transcript.*

THEY were dining in a restaurant and he had ordered a whole roast chicken.

“You see,” he explained, as he showed her the wishbone, “you take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull, and when it breaks the one who has the bigger part of it will have his or her wish gratified.”

“But I don't know what to wish for,” she protested.

“Oh, you can think of something,” he said.

“No, I can't,” she replied; “I can't think of anything I want very much.”

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"Well, I'll wish for you," he exclaimed.

"Will you really?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wishbone," she interrupted with a glad smile, "you can have me!"

—*New York Tribune.*

SMILES and Self Help. — Mother :

"Were you a good boy at the party?"

Johnny : "Yes, mamma." Mother :

"And you didn't ask twice for anything at the table?" Johnny : "No, I didn't ; I asked once, and they didn't hear me, so I helped myself."

MR. JULIUS KAHN, the American actor, used to tell this story of an experience in a hotel in California. The waitress neglected his order for breakfast so long that at last he lost all patience, and, calling a waitress who passed by his table, he said : "How long have you been here?" "Who, me?" she asked sweetly. "I've been here three weeks." "Then," said Kahn, "you're not the one who took my order. That one must have left before you came."

AT a baptismal ceremony in Scotland a visiting D.D. gave out for congregational singing a paraphrase much favoured on such occasions : "As sparks in close succession rise." To his consternation the congregation giggled audibly. Afterwards, asking the clerk what he had done wrong, he was told :

“You must know, professor, the father’s name is Sparks, and that is his tenth bairn ! ”

“THE following is a good plan,” says a Frenchman, “to avoid tipping the waiter at a restaurant. When the bill comes, pay it exactly. A certain involuntary expression of astonishment will be visible on the waiter’s face, well-trained though it may be. You should then rise, saying to him, ‘I have made an excellent dinner ; you manage the establishment much better than the previous proprietor did.’ During his rapture at being mistaken for the owner of the restaurant you escape.”

A PARTY of friends enter a restaurant and inquire of a waiter what is on the menu.

Waiter.—We have only turkey left.

Party of Friends (all at once).—I’ll have a leg.

Waiter.—It’s turkey, gentlemen ; not a caterpillar.

THE waiter had been very slow in serving dinner, and the diner had grown sarcastic. “Now, waiter,” he said, “bring me a coffee and liqueur, and while you’re away you might send me a postcard now and then.”

THE difficulty of understanding the elaborate menu cards in some hotels and restaurants is illustrated by this

story printed in "Harper's": "Bring me a little of this, waiter," said a diner, pointing his finger at an appetising line. The waiter, astonished, glanced closer for confirmation of his perplexity. "Sorry, sir," he replied, "but the band's playing that now."

"THERE'S nothing like the roast beef of old England," said the Englishman to the American. "I can go bail for that, old chap," responded the Kansas City man. "We ship a good bit of it out of Kansas."

THERE was an old man of Connecticut
 Whose form had a most apoplectic
 cut ;
 His diet in chief
 Was sirloin of beef,
 But of mutton he ne'er could reject a cut.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE, when challenged to find a rhyme for "Timbuctoo," broke out into the following verse :—

If I were a Cassowary
 On the plains of Timbuctoo;
 I would eat a missionary,
 Coat and bands and hymn book too.

IN a Scottish village lived what was known as the "innocent" of the neighbourhood, the village fool. People used to offer him a silver sixpence and a copper penny, and the fool would always choose the big coin of small value. One

day a stranger asked : " Don't you know the difference in value that you always take the penny ? " " Aye, fine, I ken the difference," said the fool, " but if I took the saxpence they would never try me again."

THE first apple was eaten by the first pair.

THERE was once a discussion in a well-known hostelry, as to whether the tomato was a fruit or a vegetable. Eventually the head waiter was invited to solve the question. He did so on the spot. " Turmarter, sir ? Turmarter's a hextra."

1.45 p.m. Reflections after Lunch.

GOOD ale," says a writer, "if taken in regular quantities, almost always makes one fat." Where too much has been taken, we have seen it make one "lean."

POPULARITY, says New York "Life," consists mainly of allowing yourself to be bored once in a while.

IT doesn't take a very big compliment to swell a small head.

THE mundane side of spiritual men is happily illustrated in Mrs. Watts' life of G. F. Watts by a little story of

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"Dicky" Doyle and Tennyson. It was at little Holland House that Doyle "first met the Poet Laureate, and afterwards described how he had waited with bated breath to catch and treasure up the first syllables that should fall from his lips, expecting at least that such words should flow as 'He clasped the crag with hookèd hands,' but no; the poet spoke. He said: 'Legs of mutton should be cut in wedges.'"

TENNYSON was sitting after dinner in the Oxford and Cambridge Club with chair tilted back and feet on the table: "Do put down your feet," pleaded the host. "Why should I?" retorted Tennyson; "I'm very comfortable as I am." "Everyone's staring at you," said another. "Let 'em stare," replied the poet, placidly. "Alfred," said his host, "people will think you're Long-fellow." Down went the feet.

IF people would keep their own counsel, they often wouldn't need to employ one.

THERE are lots of people who live according to their convictions. But mostly in gaol, we fear.

"SURE, Pat, and I'm glad to see yez," said one Irishman to another. "I thought ye were dead. I heard sivr'al payple shpakin' well av yez."

A WRITER who has been on the Continent seeking rest and change says the waiters get the change and the big hotels the rest !

WHEN a girl begins to call a young man by his first name she probably has designs on his last.

I used to think that Angeline
Was oh ! so mild and sweet,
In fact the very nicest girl
Who lived within our St.
But now, alas ! I realise
'There's wood beneath the paint,
And she has got a temper that
Indeed would vex a St.

ANSWERS to Correspondents.—Yes, Herbert, the safest way to study the colour of a young lady's eyes is through a telescope.

WOMEN are difficult to understand, because they never try to make themselves plain.

THERE are two kinds of women," says a novelist, "the experimenting and the experienced." Oscar Wilde put it neater. "There are only two kinds of women," said one of his characters—"plain and coloured."

TO pen a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written.

SMITH remarked that a certain person in the musical world led a very abandoned life. "Yes," replied his friend, "the whole tenor of his life has been base."

IT requires a tactful man to remember a woman's birthday and yet forget her age.

A WOMAN gets mad if she sees another woman wearing a hat like hers. A man won't wear a hat unless it is exactly like those other men are wearing.

AN amusing story is told of the first meeting between Wagner and Schumann. Relating his impressions afterwards, Wagner said: "I found him (Schumann) quite uncommunicative; I related my Parisian experiences, spoke of music, literature, art, and politics, but could awaken no interest in him whatever. One cannot go on talking quite alone." Schumann's version of the same interview was: "Wagner is a man of education and spirit. He talks, however, unceasingly, and I was quite unable to get in any opinions of my own!"

"I DRINK brandy only on two occasions," said a convivial wit—"when I have roast chicken for dinner and when I haven't." This recalls the man whose doctor said he must never take more than one drink between meals. "Heavens, doctor," he exclaimed, "I can't eat as much as that!"

BLESSED is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact.—*George Eliot.*

IT is terribly dangerous to have a reputation for being clever: all the mediocrities imagine that you are going to pick their pockets.

They, however, take the opportunity to pick your brains.

A SCOTCH minister, marrying a couple of his rustic parishioners, felt exceedingly disconcerted by the bridegroom's answer when asked if he were willing to take the woman for his wedded wife. "Ay, I'm willin'," was the reply, "but I'd rather ha'e her sister."

"**MY** dear," said a husband, after a little squabble, "you will certainly never be permitted to go to heaven." "Why not?" "Because you'll be wanted as a tormentor below."

2.0 p.m. Laughter in the Smoking Room.

A MAN was holding forth in the smoking room on Tariff Reform. "Take whisky, for instance," said he. The answer came in a general shout. "Don't care if I do."

“BOTH of these gents,” said the witness, “were standin’ with their elbows on the bar conversin’ with each other pretty hot and pointed.” “Relate the conversation,” said the prosecutor. “Oh, I don’t remember it, exceptin’ that they called each other what they was.”

THE bald, mild, little man had settled down in the train to read, and, feeling drowsy after a trying day at business, fell asleep. On the hat rack above was a ferocious crab in a bucket, and, reaching the edge of the rack, it fell, alighting on the little man’s shoulder, and grabbed his ear to steady itself. All the passengers waited expectantly for developments, but all they heard was : “Let go, Sarah ! I tell you I have been at the office all the evening.”

AN Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, said, “Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and is not yet full.”

AN Irish soldier, being charged with stealing a comrade’s ration of liquor, said, indignantly : “I wasn’t for stealing it at all. I put the liquor in the same bottle, and mine was at the bottom—shure wasn’t I obliged to dhrink his to get at me own ? ”

AN Irishman, sending a light overcoat with heavy metallic buttons to a

distant friend, wrote as follows: "I have taken off the buttons to save extra postage. You will find them in the inner pocket."

TWO little boys were boasting of the respective glories of their father's houses. "My father's house has got a cupola on it," said one. "Oh," said the other, "but I heard my father say that ours was going to have a mortgage on it."

IT was Sunday, and two small boys were industriously digging in a vacant lot, when a man who was passing stopped to give them a lecture.

"Don't you know that it is a sin to dig on Sunday unless it be a case of necessity?" asked the good man.

"Yes, sir," timidly replied one of the boys.

"Then why don't you stop it?"

"'Cause this is a case of necessity," replied the little philosopher. "A fellar can't fish without bait."

—*Argonaut.*

WIFE (examining the bill).—"Do you remember, my dear, how many trout you caught last Saturday?"

Husband.—"There were just twelve—all beauties. Why?"

Wife.—"The fishmonger has made a mistake—he only charges for half-a-dozen."

KEEPER.—“What are you doing here ? ”

Angler.—“Fishing, of course.”

Keeper.—“Can’t you see the notice, ‘No fishing here’ ? ”

Angler.—“Well, the man who put that up is a liar. I’ve only been here half-an-hour, and I’ve caught a dozen.”

“WHY do you fish every morning in the bathtub, old man ? Is it a bet ? ” “Oh, no. I just want to get used to not catching anything. I’m going on holiday soon.”

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, while talking to a friend about one of his many angling expeditions, told the following story : “I had with me on that particular trip two country-men who evidently were familiar with my reputation as an angler. Before starting one of them made the suggestion that the first to catch a fish must treat the crowd. I assented to this, and we started. Now, do you know, those two fellows both had bites, and were too mean to pull them up.” “I suppose you lost, then,” remarked the friend.” “Oh, no ! ” replied the president. “I didn’t have any bait on my hook.”

“SO you didn’t catch a thing on your fishing trip ? ”

“No. But I didn’t expect to, so I wasn’t disappointed.”

“You didn’t expect to ? ”

"No. You see, Brown insisted on taking me to a spot he knew where they always bite."

TWO or three young men were exhibiting with great satisfaction the results of a day's fishing, whereupon a young woman remarked very demurely : "Fish go in schools, do they not ?" "I believe they do. But why do you ask ?" "Oh, nothing; only I was just thinking that you must have broken up an infants' class."

DR. JOHNSON was once in the company of a man who affected to maintain Dean Berkeley's strange position, that "nothing exists but as perceived by some mind." When the gentleman was going away, Dr. Johnson said to him : "Pray, sir, don't leave us, for we may forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist."

A MAN was walking one day through the negro quarter of an American town, when an old negress suddenly shot out into the road, beating unmercifully a little piccaninny.

"My good woman," he exclaimed as he seized her arm to stop her, "you mustn't do that ! What harm has he done ?"

"What ! I mustn't do this ! What harm has he done !" she shrieked. "If you would like to know, he has opened the hen-roost and all the fowls have skedaddled away !"

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"Well, if that's all, it's nothing so very dreadful. Chickens, you know, always come home to roost in their owner's run."

"Yes, that's just it!" said the woman.

A GIRL at school was asked if "kiss" was a common or proper noun. After some hesitation, she replied, "It is both common and proper."

A YOUNG undergraduate had exceeded his leave by two days. "Well," said the professor, "what have you to say for yourself?" "I'm sorry," replied the undergrad. "I really couldn't get back before. I was detained by most important business." The professor looked at him sternly. "So you wanted two more days of grace, did you?" he asked. "No, sir," answered the young man, off his guard for the moment—"of Marjorie."

"TYPISTS make submissive wives," confides a weekly paper. Because they're used to being dictated to, we suppose.

CUSTOMER: "I want a fan to match my complexion." Saleswoman: "Here is a hand-painted one."

"THEATRELAND" quotes this amusing bit of dialogue told by Mr. Will Evans of a man who wandered into a barber's shop. "Good morning, sir,"

said the barber, "shave, sir?" "Good morning," said the customer. "I should like to know if you'll shave one side of my face for a penny." The barber grinned: "Certainly, sir. Sit down. Now, sir," the barber continued, "which side shall I shave?" "The outside!" was the gentle reply.

IN Helen Mar's book of stories is one of a somewhat tedious clergyman who, after dealing at great length in a sermon with the major prophets and the minor prophets, seemed to be coming to an end when he added, "And now we come to Jeremiah. What place, I ask you, shall Jeremiah have?" An old man at the back of the room shouted, "Oh, Jeremiah can have my place. I'm going home."

A WELL-KNOWN Scottish divine with a reputation for pawky humour related at a recent gathering this story: A new arrival in the other world had discerned in the dim distance a large multitude of people, and he ventured to ask St. Peter, who were those who were banished almost from sight. "Oh!" said the celestial pilot, "they belong to the Established Kirk of Scotland." "Dear me!" replied the new guest. "That is very strange. I had no idea they were such an inferior lot of Christians." "Wheesht, wheesht," said St. Peter, "we mustn't let the other folk hear, but the fact is they are the only

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body of Christians that can be trusted out of sight for five minutes ! ”

THE story is told of a Scotsman who, while travelling in Palestine, learned the news of an addition to his family circle. The happy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan to carry home for the christening of the infant, and returned to Scotland. On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he duly presented himself at the church, and sought out the beadle in order to hand over the precious water to his care. He pulled the flask from his pocket, but the beadle held up a warning hand, and came nearer to whisper : “ No the noo, sir ; no the noo ! Maybe after the kirk’s oot ! ”

AT a recent dinner given by Mr. Andrew Carnegie an eminent lawyer was discussing with his host the question of decimal coinage, and the fact that Britain still adheres to the old and cumbrous table of pounds, shillings, pence, and—farthings. “ Is there anything else in finance so ridiculous as the farthing ? ” asked Mr. Carnegie, and, turning to his guest, he said : “ Judge, why do the British continue their coinage of farthings ? ” “ To enable the Scotch to practise benevolence, Mr. Carnegie,” returned the lawyer, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

MR. FRANK KRAUSE, an American philanthropist, says "unselfish work doesn't pay in the United States. We are all too mercenary here. I once said to a little newsboy: 'Have you an aim in life?' 'Yes, sir; I have two aims,' he replied. 'What are they, my son?' 'The first is to become a millionaire.' 'Aha! And the second?' 'The second is to become a multi-millionaire.'"

SPEAKING of the salary attached to a rumoured official appointment, someone said it was all moonshine. "Maybe so," replied another; "but I've a strong notion that moonshine though it be, you would like to see the first quarter of it."

"I BELIEVE he's going to make a great politician some day," declared the fond mother. "Why?" asked the listener. "Because," was the reply, "he crawls out of everything so easily, does my little Tom."

"ONE should always use the shortest and simplest words," the lecturer had said. "Yes," commented the hen-pecked man, "and the thinnest words—the kind you can get in edgewise."

MR. P. F. WARNER suggests a band as a means of brightening up county cricket. It should also banish that depressing announcement, "No play to-day."

A LITTLE boy came crying home from school. "What's the matter?" asked his father. "Two boys hit me," he sobbed. "Why didn't you hit them back?" "I did—I hit 'em first."

SOME recruits at Berwick Barracks were being drilled on the parade the other day. "Mark time," shouted the sergeant. The men marked time. A firewood hawker came along, and shouted "Firewood!" Forward marched the recruits.

MR. WILLIAM GRIFFIN has brought back this story from Washington. A man in Tennessee sued a neighbour for fifty thousand dollars for slander. The neighbour had called him a dirty hippopotamus. "But this happened two years ago," said the neighbour's lawyer. "Why did you wait so long before bringing suit?" "Well," said the plaintiff, "I never knew what a hippopotamus was until the circus passed through the other day."

WHAT Ship's Officers have to put up with. Mrs. Smith was on her first ocean voyage. "What's that down there?" she asked of the captain. "That's the steerage, madam," he replied. "Really!" exclaimed the woman in surprise; "and does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"

GOOD advice is something that old men give to young men when they can no longer give them a bad example.

A YOUNG fellow from the country paid his first visit to a racecourse. He approached a bookmaker and asked—"If I put a shilling on a horse and it wins how much do I get?" "If the horse starts at 50 to 1," the bookmaker answered, "you get 51 shillings. If it starts at 20 to 1, you get 21 shillings. If it starts at 10 to 1, you get 11 shillings." The young countryman still looked puzzled. "But," he said, "suppose it starts at one o'clock?"

AN HUMANE sportsman noticed that his gamekeeper suffered from cold ears, and bought him a pair of ear muffs. Some months later he noticed that the gillie was not wearing them and asked the reason. "Well, sir," said the gillie, "ae day a gentleman asked me to take a glass o' whisky an' I didna hear him, so I have na worn them since."

ONE evening at dinner at Balliol the master's guests were discussing the careers of two Balliol men, one of whom had just been made a judge and the other a bishop.

"Oh," said Henry Smith, "I think the bishop is the greater man. A judge at the most can only say, 'You be hanged,' but a bishop can say, 'You be damned.'"

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"Yes," twittered the master, "but if the judge says, 'You be hanged,' you *are* hanged."—*Anecdotes of Bench and Bar.*

AN Ohio stump orator came to the end of a high-flown speech, and exclaimed: "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?"

Instantly one of his audience—a Scotsman—stood up. "I think, sir—I dae indeed, sir—I think that if you and I were to stump the country together, we could tell mair lies than any ither twa men in the country, sir; and I'd no say a word mysel' a' the time, sir."

TWO Irishmen got work in a shipyard, and were told off to carry away a long plank. They lifted it, one at each end, but found they were face to face. Then they both turned round and were back to back and did no better. Then they both threw down the plank and walked away, exclaiming, "Shure, and how could two men carry one plank."

AN old Highlander was ordered by his doctor not to exceed one ounce of spirits in the day. Being a little dubious about the amount he asked his boy, who was at school, how much an ounce was, and received the answer: "Sixteen drams one ounce." "Sixteen drams!" exclaimed the delighted Highlander. "Gaw, nae so bad! Sixteen drams! Run and tell Tonal Mactavish and Big John to come doon the nicht."

SOME men were boasting of extraordinary presence of mind at fires. "When I was in Glasgow," said one, when the rest had exhausted their descriptive powers, "I heard of a big fire. I strolled out to see it. I found an old gentleman shouting and gesticulating at a fourth-storey window. Everyone seemed paralysed ; no ladder or escape could reach him. I rushed wildly forward and called for a rope. I threw him the end : he caught it. I told him to tie it round his waist. He did and I pulled him down. Gentlemen, I saved that man from being burnt to death."

AT a social gathering near Edinburgh the other evening a lawyer told the following story. A hardened criminal was about to undergo his trial, and as the jury were being called he objected to them one after the other. At length the patience of the presiding judge became exhausted, and he asked the prisoner if he knew any of the intended jurymen. "Why, I know more than half of them," replied the prisoner. "Can you swear to that?" further asked the judge. "Well, if it comes to that, sir, I can swear to know more than all of them put together," replied the prisoner.

—*Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.*

ATTORNEYS who practise in the United States Courts are laughing over an unintentional statement of Judge Hand.

A lawyer accustomed to practise in the State Supreme Court, where the judiciary are all justices, referred repeatedly to one of Judge Hand's associates as "Mr. Justice Holt." In the Federal Courts there are no justices, excepting in the United States Supreme Court at Washington. Judge Hand stood this lawyer's repeated references to "Mr. Justice Holt" as long as he could, and then interrupted to say: "Don't you know, sir, that we have no justice in this court?" The attorney was dumb-founded. He gasped once or twice; then said: "I had er—always heard so, your honour, but I had never believed it!" The laugh was on the judge.

A PRISONER, on being presented for trial, in answer to the charge, pleaded "Not guilty." The jury found the charge proved, and in passing sentence the judge said,

"Ye're not only guilty, but ye come here and tell lies, saying ye're not."

The prisoner who followed next for trial was doubtless influenced by this, and supposed it would be well for him to take another course, so pleaded "Guilty," in an almost self-satisfied voice.

"Oh, ye're guilty, are ye," said the judge, "and come here to brag about it, do ye?"

A FRIEND, entering the office of a young lawyer who was not overwhelmed with clients, one day observed

on the desk a cheap alarm clock. "Taking it home," he observed, "to wake you up in the mornings?" The lawyer smiled. "No," he replied; "I am keeping it here to wake me up when it's time to go home."

A WILD and uncivilised Sioux
 Once asked a Chineese for a chioux.
 No "baccy" he had;
 It made him so mad
 He cut off the Chinaman's quioux.

AN Irishman had signed the pledge and had kept it for six months. He was on his way to the house of the clergyman to renew it, when who should he meet but His Reverence. "Good morning, Pat. Where are you going?" "I'm on my way to your house to renew my pledge." "And have you kept it for the past six months?" "I have." "Well, as a reward for your good conduct I am going to give you a present," said the priest. And he pulled a flask out of his pocket, unscrewed the top, drew the cup off the bottom, poured in a drink and handed it to Pat. Pat took the drink and downed it before he might be asked for it back. The priest then said: "A moral lesson goes with that as well as the present. Every time you take a drink it's another nail in your coffin." A little twinkle crept into Pat's eyes as he pushed out the cup and said: "Sure, your Reverence,

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drive in another nail while you have the hammer in your hand."

2.30 p.m. Laughter at the Club.

AN epigram from Sir Arthur Pinero :
"Indian clubs are good for the liver.
London clubs are not."

SOME men belong to clubs, and others
seem to think the clubs belong to
them.

AN irrespressible bore was relating his
exploits in a Baltimore clubhouse
not long ago. "There I stood, gentlemen," the long-winded narrator was
saying, after droning on for an hour with
reference to his trip to Switzerland—
"there I stood with the abyss yawning
in front of me." "Excuse me," hastily
interjected one of the unfortunate men
who had been obliged to listen to the
story, "but was that abyss yawning
before you got there?"

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A **LIBERAL** member, not remarkable
for his brilliancy, was recently
spoken of as having correctly foretold
a political event. "I always knew he was
a bore," said Mr. —, "but I didn't
know he was an augur."

MR. BURKE on one occasion had just
risen in the House of Commons, with

member who had no ear for the charms of eloquence started up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honourable gentleman doesn't meant to read that large bundle of papers and to bore us with a long speech." Mr. Burke, nearly suffocated with rage, absolutely ran out of the House, whereupon a witty member remarked that it was the only time he ever saw the fable realised—a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass.

MR. KEIR HARDIE at the beginning of a new session was walking towards the library of the House of Commons when a policeman stopped him. "Where are you going to," he asked. "Work," was the terse reply. "Where are you working?" inquired Robert; "on the roof?" "No," replied the Labour member, "on the floor."

A WAG says that when he thinks of Ireland wanting Home Rule his heart goes "Pity Pat."

A CERTAIN politician recently became a parent. On announcing the news the doctor exclaimed, gleefully: "I congratulate you, sir; you are the father of triplets." The politician was astounded. "No, no, no," he replied with more than Parliamentary emphasis. "There must be some mistake in the returns, I demand a recount."

THE ancients believed that the world was square—but that was before the invention of politics.

COLONEL HALL WALKER amused the House in a Budget discussion one night. "I know," he said, "why the Chancellor will not reduce the tax on tea. If it was cheaper people would drink more, and that would make them more awake than ever."

THE following announcement is taken from the published Sale Catalogue of a Government contractor :—

I have a great quantity of good

Second-hand

GOVERNMENT VICES

Of all sizes

From 10/-, 15/-, 20/-, 25/- each.

THIS story is told rather at the expense of Mr. Lloyd George. About a week after the death of King Edward, an Englishman, travelling in Wales, got into conversation with an elderly Welshman, and happened to be the first to tell him of the King's demise. "Who might be King now, then?" asked the Welshman. "Why George—King George V., of course, man!" was the answer. "Well, to be sure, now!" said the Welshman. "How he has got on—

and me to remember him a little lawyer in Criccieth ! ”

—*Chestnuts Hot and Cold*

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD was contesting Waterford in '74, when an aged elector expressed dissatisfaction with the “new style” in electioneering. “Shure ye’re no man,” he said. “The lasht time wan of yer family stud for the county it’s up to me ankles I was in blood, and up to me brains in whiskey ; but sorry a dhrop of ayther I’ve seen this time.”

A POLITICIAN had been invited to speak at a meeting, but was placed last on a very long list of speakers. The audience was tired out when the chairman eventually announced : “Mr. Bones will now give us his address.” “My address,” said Mr. Bones, rising, “is No. 55I, Park Villa, and I wish you all good-night.”

DEAN RAMSAY used to be fond of telling the story of the old Scotch lady who had sent for the gardener to cut the lawn. “Cut it short,” she reminded him. “Ye ken, Donald, an inch at the bottom is worth two at the top.” The work done, the good lady offered Donald a glass of whisky, and in pouring it out showed signs of stopping before the top was reached. “Fill it up, ma’am ; fill it up,” said the shrewd old fellow. “An inch at the top is worth twa at the bottom ! ”

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THIS incident is related of a Scotch doctor, new to the gun, who adventured upon a day's rabbit shooting : Chased by the ferrets, bunny was a rather quick-moving target, and the medico was not meeting with the success he anticipated. "Hang it all, man," he exclaimed impatiently to the keeper who accompanied him, "these beasts are too quick for me." "Ay, doctor," the pawky keeper replied, "but ye surely didna expect them tae lie still like yer patients, till ye kill them."

A LIBERAL-MINDED person is one who thinks the same as you.

A MORNING paper sparkle : "To live in a caravan is both to travel and to stay at home."

A NUMBER of persons were talking about telescopes, and each professed to have looked through "the largest one in the world." One after another told of the powerful effect of the respective telescopes. At last a quiet man said mildly : "I once looked through a telescope. I don't know that it was the largest in the world. I hope it wasn't. But it brought the moon so near that we could see the man in it gesticulating wildly, and crying out : 'Don't shoot !—don't shoot !' The old fool thought it was a big cannon that we were pointing at him."

"I'VE seen golf defined as the pursuit of pale pills by purple people."—
From "The Fringe of the Desert," by R. C. Macnamara.

A BEGINNER at golf was on one occasion taking an unconscionable time to get round a seaside course near Edinburgh. Several holes had been "played" in a manner which produced a look of disgust in the face of the caddy. Getting badly bunkered, the gentleman tried several clubs one after the other without success. Turning to his caddy he inquired—"What should I take now, boy?" To this the caddy promptly responded—"Ye should tak' the 4.25 back tae Edinburgh."

AN ardent golfer who was a very middling player was paying his annual visit to St. Andrews, and remarked to his caddie: "By the way, I played a round with Tom MacGregor the last time I was here. Grand player, McGregor!" "Aye!" said the caddie, "but McGregor could nae beat ye noo." "Do you indeed think so?" exclaimed the gratified visitor, well aware of McGregor's prowess. "O, aye," responded the caddie. "For, ye see, McGregor's deid!"

BINKS (whose play is being interrupted): "This club is going to ruin—allowing all these ladies to join." Miss

Sharp (overhearing): "They evidently can't get gentlemen!"

A FAT man struggling wearily over the course made a particularly bad stroke, and tore up a large piece of turf. Lifting the turf in his hand, the player said ruefully to his caddie: "What on earth am I to do with this?" "If I was you, sir," the boy answered, "I'd take it up to the hotel to practice on."

MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the author, tell this anecdote with reference to his statement that the trusts treat the public as the tramp treated the golfer. "My good man," said a golfer, in anxious tone, "have you seen a golf ball hereabout? It's my last ball, and if I lose it I shall have to give up my day's game and return to town." The tramp, a villainous-looking individual, answered: "No, boss, I ain't seen no golf ball, but I've got one in my pocket that I brought from home what I don't mind sellin' you for a couple of dollars."

"STRATEGY," declared Private Murphy, up for examination, "is whin yez don't let the inimy discover-r that ye are short of amunishun but kape on firin'!"

THE Captain had been lecturing his men on their duties as soldiers, and wanting to know whether they remembered his teaching, he said to one of them:

"Now, then, Private Dooley, why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?" The Irishman scratched his head for a while; then an ingratiating and enlightening smile flitted across his face. "Sure, captain," he said, pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

THE following incident is related as having occurred in the late Mr. Justice Hawkins's court on the afternoon of a Derby Day: A junior barrister received a telegram announcing the result of the great race. Springing to his feet and waving the telegram, he shouted, "Hurrah! Hurrah! So-and-So has won." For this indiscretion he was sternly rebuked by the judge, who, however, almost immediately afterwards, leaning over the front of his desk, said in an undertone, "By the way, Mr.—, does your telegram happen to say what horse came in second?"

MR. HENRY NAIRN, in his "Recollections of Forty-Three Years as a Magistrate's Clerk in London," states that the late Mr. Selfe—who was magistrate at Marlborough Street Police Court when the writer was clerk—rarely got through a sitting without making a funny remark. Mr. Nairn recalls how he baffled the court-keeper, who asked him what he would have for lunch, and was told, "A chop and a pint of mother-in-law," which he afterwards explained

meant "old and bitter" ale. When two women, both having the baptismal name of Grace, were put in the dock, he confused the gaoler by looking round the court and asking, "Where is the third?"

MR. ELLIOTT was, says Mr. Nairn, one of the most silent magistrates he had known, and had a peculiar habit of studying the advertisement sheets of Bradshaw the whole time he was listening to the cases. He invariably said, "Usher, get me Bradshaw," the moment he took his seat.

OLIVER Wendell Holmes used to be an amateur photographer. When he presented a picture to a friend he wrote on the back of it "Taken by O. W. Holmes and Sun."

A FRENCHMAN in London (overheard at the Savoy).—"You are funny people, you Engleesh. You take strong whisky; you put water in it to make it weak; you put sugar in it to make it sweet; you put lemon in it to make it sour; then you say, 'Here's to you,' and drink it yourself!"

An Irish soldier in an American regiment went to his colonel, and asked for leave to go home and help his wife with her spring-cleaning.

"I don't like to refuse you, Murphy," said the C.O., "but as a matter of fact, I've just had a letter from your wife,

saying that you are no help to her with the spring-cleaning, and asking me not to give you leave."

The man saluted, and turned to go. At the door he stopped, turned, and remarked :

"Colonel, there are two whopping falsehoods in this regiment, and I'm one of them, I'm not married ! "

FROM Father Bernard Vaughan's lecture on "What I Saw and Said in the United States" :—

"If you keep like that," commented an American upon my leisurely British methods, "we will have to meet you with a hearse." "If I stay in New York much longer," I retorted, "you will have to meet me with a perambulator."

Philadelphia has the reputation of being so slow that one of the citizens was brought up to court upon the charge of "growing scarlet runners."

At St. Louis an American said to me : "Look at our Hudson and Mississippi Rivers ! Why, compared with our rivers, your Mersey and Severn and Thames are sleepy, sickly streams." "I think your own is as sickly as ours," I retorted. "I perceive it is confined to its bed."

EVEN the facial muscles are capable of development," says an expert. We all know how easily "cheek" develops.

MUTUAL OBLIGATION.

Mr. Jackson : " Can I marry your daughter ? "

Mr. Johnson : " Can you lend me £5 ? "

Mr. Jackson : " Yes. "

Mr. Johnson : " Yes. "

WIFE (severely): " Oh, James, you are so different from my first husband. "

Husband No. 2 : " Yes, that's so ; lucky dog, he died ten years ago ! "

A HUNDRED years ago, two ladies were abusing each other. Their friends appealed to Horace Walpole to act as peace-maker.

" Have they called each other *ugly* yet ? " he asked.

" No. "

" Then, " said he, " I can reconcile them. "

IF you are in the public eye, says Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, you must inevitably be under the lash.

TOM TUNKIN, travelling in Italy with a friend, said one day in Naples : " Well, we've done Naples thoroughly—Aquarium and Arcade, Pompeii and Vesuvius. Let's go on to Florence. "

" Oh, the deuce with Florence, " his friend growled. " There's no café there, nor nothin' . "

" Look here, " said Tom Tunkin sternly, " a man tours Europe for something a little bit more elevating than café life. "

I'm going on to Florence if I go alone. I've got to get a chunk off of Michael Angelo's famous statue of David for my souvenir collection."

POST-IMPRESSIONISM.— "This, I presume, is a study in still life," remarked the Mere Man. "No, sir; that is a landscape," replied the Artist haughtily. "That is a March sunset." "Oh, pardon me! I thought it was fried egg," apologised the Mere Man.

FROM one of Captain Hood's lyrics in "The Pearl Girl":—

To interest the girl you woo,
Use ways that others won't;
Don't send her silly billets doux,
This silly Billy don't!
A girl who is a gadabout,
Don't waste your time to win;
She'll bother you to take her out,
And then she'll take you in!

A GENTLEMAN at a musical party, seeing that the fire was going out, asked a friend in a whisper, "How can I stir the fire without interrupting the music?" "Between the bars," replied the friend.

THE boastful financier was discussing his career. "I owe my great success and wealth," he said grandly, "to just one thing—pluck." "Indeed! And whom did you pluck?" inquired a bored listener.

A SOUTH AMERICAN visitor, taken by a friend to Henley Regatta, was enraptured, with the scene on the river, and watched the racing more closely than many of the British spectators. "Most extraordinary!" he remarked after the last heat of the day. "In every race all the men row backwards!"

MR. ORVILLE WRIGHT, the aviator, says the present precarious type of aeroplane lays itself open to too many jokes, and he tells this story of a doctor, who facetiously advised a dyspeptic patient to go in for aviation. "It will stir you up," the doctor said. "It will do you good." "And how much aviating would you advise me to do?" the patient asked. "About three drops—not more," the doctor answered.

AT the Manœuvres.—"Do you mind telling me, colonel, what your men are doing to-day? Does this bandaging of their eyes mean that they are going to play at blind man's buff?"

"No, they are going to carry out some night manœuvres."

---*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

CANDID Criticism.—"I suppose you've scarcely ever met with a worse shot than I am?" "Oh, yes, my lord," responded the keeper, "I've met with many a worse, for you misses 'em so cleanly."

THE following rhapsody written about Derby Day, 1857—the year when the mare Blink Bonny won both Derby and Oaks, the last time this feat was accomplished prior to the victories of Signorinetta in 1908—is quoted by *London Opinion* :—

Scenery, greenery, men, and machinery
Types of each class, from the great to
the small ;

Chaise-looking oddities, crammed with
commodities,

Each with a nod it is wise to forestall.
Catalogues pen away, ten a day, any
way

Wouldn't find then a way half to
make known ;

Cram along, jam along, "Bring the
cold lamb along."

"Now send the ham along," varies
the tone.

"Luck is a lottery," "Now for the
pottery,"

"Stand rather tottery," "What's
to be seen ? "

"Rapidly whirl a gig down by the early
rig,

*That's the style—curly wig ! you're
jolly green."*

He may have thought it true, but was
mistaken, who

Said there was nothing new seen
under Heaven ;

Had he looked under, he'd prove it a
blunder

With *the* Derby wonder of famed
fifty-seven.

WHEN tackled for using a gun with a previous year's licence, a sportsman protested, "Hang it all, old chap, I'm only shooting at the birds I missed last year ! "

ONE swallow does not make a summer, says Ashley Sterne, but one grasshopper can make more than a dozen springs.

"WHY do you talk so much, old chap ? Really, you don't give anyone else a chance."

"Really, look here, you know, you've heard me listen several times."

PAT was a bashful lover, and Biddy was coy, but not too coy.

"Biddy," Pat began timidly, "did yer iver think of marryin' ? "

"Sure, now, th' subject has niver interred me thoughts," demurely replied Biddy.

"It's sorry Oi am," said Pat, turning away.

"Wan minute, Pat ! " called Biddy, softly. "Ye've set me a-thinkin'."

INSTINCT, according to a wit, is that which tells a woman she is right, whether she is or not.

"THIS is the twentieth time," said the magistrate, severely. "that I have

worship," replied the prisoner, with dignity, "for eight long years I have visited this court, and, though I have always found you sitting in that chair, I have never uttered a word of complaint."

[T WAS George Eliot who said that politeness is like an air-cushion ; there may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

'TALKING about philanthropists," said the smiling man in the corner seat of the club-room, "you should know about my next-door neighbour. Dozens of tramps hammer at his back door, and I have never known him to send one away empty-handed." "You don't mean it?" said the incredulous fellow-member. "That's right," rejoined the first; "he never turns anyone away empty-handed—he always gives them a letter of introduction to me."

FROM America comes the story of a sailor who strolled into a seamen's Bethel in New York, where a preacher was giving an impassioned address. The sailor listened in a dazed condition for a while, and then fell asleep. The address continued, and finally the preacher asked all who wished to go to heaven to stand. The company rose to their feet, with the exception of the sleeping mariner. When the audience was reseated the speaker asked any present who felt they were

bound in the other direction to stand. Wakened by the movement of the congregation, the sailor heard the word "stand," and slowly rose, to the horror and amazement of all. Looking about him dazedly he at last addressed the preacher: "I don't know exactly what question we're a-votin' on, stranger, but it seems to me that you and me's in a hopeless minority!"

SIR LEWIS MORRIS was lamenting to Oscar Wilde the attitude of the Press on his claim to the Poet-Laureateship. "It's a conspiracy of silence against me," he declared. "What ought I to do?" "Join it," replied Wilde.

"THE Government to-day is ruled by long-haired men and short-haired women."—*Sir Thomas Dewar.*

A VISITOR heard an eloquent temperance lecturer one night in the town hall of Nola Chucky, and an hour later, at the Nola Chucky Hotel, the visitor saw this same identical temperance lecturer drinking, one after another, whiskies with beer chasers at the bar.

"Why, how's this?" the visitor exclaimed. "I thought you were a total abstainer!"

"So I am," the lecturer replied; "so I am, my young friend, but I ain't bigoted."

LECTURING on intemperance, a professor recently said that the human brain doubtless contained a special organ of drunkenness. Presumably a *barrel* organ !

THIS is how the "Bingville (Mass.) Bugle " describes the visit of a certain lusty blacksmith, who called at the office to demand an apology for a statement that he was intoxicated :—

"After Bill had knocked us down a couple of times and set on us we agreed to apologize publicly. We can see outen but one eye at present, but we can see well enough outen one eye to see that we made a mistake when we said what we did about Bill.

"We should have said that Bill is a drunken, wife-beating brute, who thinks he can skeer us because he is bigger than we be. Bill is no good now, never was, nor never will be. He is a lazy loafer, and he ought to be in jail. Next time he comes to see us we will be ready for him. Call again, Bill."

AMBLING homeward after an evening in town, two provincial Varsity men, up to a joke, rang the bell at the residence of one of their professors. The professor stuck his head out of the upper window. "What is it ? " he asked. "One of your windows is open, professor." "Thank you, gentlemen. Which window ? " "The one you've got your head out of ! " Then they ran,

TWO candidates, named Adam and Low, were invited to preach probation sermons for a lectureship. Mr. Low preached in the morning, taking for his text "Adam, where art thou?" Mr. Adam, who was present, preached in the evening, on the passage immediately following that of his rival, "Lo, here am I."

A GENTLEMAN, playing cards at Baden-Baden, was much annoyed by an inquisitive stranger who stood beside him, and pried into his hand. At last he took a pinch of snuff, and administered it to his tormentor, immediately saying, "I beg your pardon, but you were so near me, sir, that I mistook your nose for mine!"

A PARISIAN paper tells of a zealous fireman who set light to houses for the mere pleasure of helping to put the fire out. This reminds one of a story. "Ah, my friend, I am sorry to hear of the fire at your shop last Tuesday." "Hush, you fool," answered the other person, "it's *next* Tuesday."

4.0 p.m. Laughter out of Doors.

"JONES took me out in his new auto last Sunday," said Smith. "He has everything in it down to a pedometer." "You mean speedometer," said the friend. "A pedometer is an instrument for measuring how far you walk."

"Then it must have been a pedometer," returned Smith ruefully.

COUNSEL in a case once before Baron Huddleston was endeavouring to get out of a yokel how he had spent a certain Sunday, and, after severe cross-examination, got the alarming reply, "I was standin' on the bridge an' a-sputtin' in the river."

AN American attorney, Mr. Henry W. Huttman, at a recent dinner at Chicago, told this story as the best definition of optimism: "An Irishman at work on the seventeenth floor of a new skyscraper lost his balance and fell. As he shot downward past the third floor a fellow workman heard him say to himself 'Well, I'm all right yit.'"

AN Irish peasant and his wife were once heard discussing the "natural law of compensation." This was the dialogue that ensued: "Just fancy!" exclaimed Bridget, "accordin' to this, whin a man loses wan av 'is sinces, another gits more developed. For instance, a blind man gits more sinse av hearin' an' touch an' ——" "Sure, an' it is quite true," interrupted Pat. "Oi've noticed it myself. Whin a man has one leg shorter than the other, begorra, the other's longer."

"FATHER," said the young man, earnestly, "if a chap is out with a

crowd who are standing drinks, and he has no money to treat, what should he do ? ” “ Retreat,” grunted the father.

SAID Scorcher, the motorist : “ I ran across an old friend the other day that I hadn’t seen for years.” “ Was he badly injured ? ” anxiously queried one of the hearers.

AT the Big Stores.—“ Shopwalker, I have sprained my ankle on your confounded slippery floor.” “ Yes, sir. Quite so, sir. Embrocation, next counter, sir, Bandages, second aisle to the left.”

REPORTER (to labourer run down by street car).—“ Do you expect to get damages from the company ? ” Mike.—“ Expect ’em ? I’ve got ’em.”

“ THAT horse of yours looks poor, Patsy,” said the stranger, as he slowly mounted a jaunting car in Dublin. “ Arrah, yer honour, not poor, but on-lucky he is.” “ Unlucky ! How’s that ? ” “ ’Tis like this, yer honour. Ev’ry mornin’ I toss whether he has a feed o’ corn or I have a glass o’ whisky. An’ begob, ’tis he has lost for five mornin’s runnin’ ! ”

A WAG and his friend were passing a fashionable drapers. There, drawn up, were three or four motor-cars, among them a limousine with the chauffeur fast asleep. Evidently the mistress was

inside the shop. Without a word the wag stole quickly up, and opening the motor car door carefully, slammed it shut. In a moment the chauffeur straightened up. Then he stole a look over his shoulder and saw the wag standing, hat in hand, apparently talking to some one inside the car. "Thank you, yes ; good day," said the wag, and bowed himself gracefully away from the door, turning as he did so to look at the chauffeur and say, "Home !" Off went the car, but what happened when the chauffeur reached "home "and found the limousine empty is not recorded !

THIS story is related as an evidence of the keen observation of women. "I say," said the husband, as he walked down the street with his wife, "did you notice the woman who just passed ?" "Which woman ?" she asked. "Do you mean the one wearing a large black hat with willow plumes, an embroidered blouse, silk stockings, undressed kid gloves, mink furs, and a bouquet of red roses with a vanity box marked with the initials 'E. M. S.' ?" "Yes," replied the astounded husband, "that seems to be the one." "No," was the wife's answer, "I didn't notice her particularly."

MISTRESS : "Who was that gentleman that came in just now, Mary ?"

Mary : "That wasn't no gentleman, mum. It was only the master come back for his umbrella."

96 THE LAUGHTER LOVER

“WHAT is it,” inquired the Sunday school superintendent, “that causes us to stumble and fall by the way?”
“The hobble skirt, sir,” replied a fair member of the class.

HOWLERS—FROM “THE UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENT”;—

CONG is the masculine of Belle and Vicar of Vixen.

THE three Estates of the Realm are Buckingham Palace, Windsor, and Balmoral.

THE Mediterranean and the Red Sea are joined by the Sewage Canal.

THE mineral wealth of a country is ginger-beer and lemonade.

AN appendix is a portion of a book which nobody has yet discovered to be of any use.

AN anachronism is a thing a man puts in writing in the past before it has taken place in future.

A SYNONYM is a word you can use when you don't know to spell the one you first thought of.

AMBIGUITY means telling the truth when you don't mean to.

FAHRENHEIT and Centigrade are two chemicals useful in the manufacture of thermometers.

MUCH butter is imported from Denmark, because Danish cows have greater enterprise and superior education to ours.

THE flannelette peril means petticoat government.

POETA nascitur, non fit. A nasty poet is fit for nothing.

AU bord de la mer. Abroad with mother

IN the "Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton" it is related that the Duke of Cambridge at Chatsworth, on his knees in the middle of family prayers, said, very loudly before the assembled household, "A d——d good custom this!"

A MAN who is a stickler for politeness in his home, such as "if you please" and "sir" and "beg your pardon," left New York (says the *Tribune*) last June for a trip abroad. At the date of leaving his son was in the midst of his college finals, and the father was anxious to know whether the lad passed. The boy was asked to cable to his father in London immediately upon receiving the examination report, and state whether

he passed or not. It was weeks after when the report was published, and the boy cabled his father: "Yes. Tom." The father had forgotten all about his request, and couldn't make out for the life of him what the "yes" referred to; so he cabled back: "Yes what?" The answer: "Yes, sir," arrived in London within an hour.

AT a dinner not long ago there was told a Scottish story of a parishioner who had strayed from his own kirk.

"Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?" asked the preacher of the culprit on meeting him a day or two later.

"I was at Mr. M'Clellan's kirk," said the other.

"I don't like you running about to strange kirks like that," continued the minister. "Not that I object to your hearing Mr. M'Clellan, but I'm sure you wadna like your sheep straying into strange pastures."

"I wadna care a grain, sir, if it was better grass," responded the parishioner.

MORE HOWLERS.

A PROBLEM is a figure which you do things with which are absurd, and then you prove it.

A TEACHER asked his class what the four seasons were, whereupon a little boy replied, "Salt, mustard, vinegar, and pepper."

PYJAMAS are "a flannel night-dress with legs."

PARALLEL lines are straight lines which meet in the far end of infinity.

"**CAN** anyone tell me where the village of Drum is ?" inquired the teacher. "In the County of Fife, sir," was the prompt reply.

MEDICINE is something that makes you careful not to catch cold again.

A WORSHIPPER of Mammon means (1) a bigamist, (2) an Israelite, since the people of that tribe were fed by mammon in the wilderness.

MUSES were often seen at funerals in the olden days.

A VACUUM is (1) an empty space with nothing in it; the Pope lives in one. (2) an empty space full of nothing but Germans (germs ?)

THE people of India are divided into castes and outcastes.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was tall and thin but she was a stout Protestant.

"**WHAT** is grass ?" "What you have to keep off."

"WHY would David rather be a door-keeper in the House of the Lord?"
—"Because he could walk outside while the sermon was being preached."

"HOW do you know the earth is round?"—"Because it says in the Bible 'world without end.'"

A CONSERVATIVE is a sort of greenhouse where you look at the moon.

PARLIAMENT assembles in September and dissembles in January.

GIRLS for a feather shop together, says a parodist.

"JUST think," said Mrs. Gossip, reading, "one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." "Never mind, dear," returned the long-suffering husband; "that isn't your fault!"

IT is a remarkable fact that however well girls may be versed in grammar, very few are able to decline matrimony.

HABITUAL customer (to his barber):
"Your confounded hair restorer has made my hair come off more than ever!" Barber: "Ah, you must 'ave put too much on, sir! Made the 'air come right out 'stead of only half-way."

—*Windsor Magazine.*

FASTIDIOUS.—Barber: "Your hair needs cutting badly, sir." Customer: "Oh, no, it doesn't; it needs cutting well."

HERE is a startling story of an umbrella. "You see this elegant umbrella?" said the narrator. "Well, it has an interesting history. It started to rain the other day, and I stepped into a doorway to wait till it stopped. Then I saw a young fellow coming along with a nice large umbrella, and I thought if he was going as far as my house I would beg a share of his shelter. So I stepped out and asked, 'Where are you going with that umbrella, young fellow?' and he dropped the umbrella and ran."

TWO friends had settled down to their coffee, cigarette, and game of chess in a tea-shop, when a third, a discordant third, joined them. He was unwelcome, obviously so; but that did not prevent him "chipping in" every moment with advice to the players. They endured him in silence, till at last the glint of a shilling beside the board caught his eye. "Hullo!" he said. "I didn't expect to find you chaps playing for filthy lucre." "Indeed?" said one of the players. "But it isn't the filthy lucre we object to; it's the filthy looker on." Then the game proceeded in silence.

IN the window of an Islington barber's shop has been placed the following

quaint announcement to the public : "I choose my assistants for their skill with the razor and scissors, not for their conversational powers."

LITTLE Tommy's mother had told him that when she first met papa she "had fallen into the water and he jumped in and saved her." "Then," asked the ingenuous small boy, "is that why papa won't allow me to learn how to swim?"

A SMART boy in an essay on "The Flood," wrote that "they fished from the Ark for about five minutes." "Why for only five minutes?" asked the amused teacher. "'Cos they only had two worms," replied the smart boy.

MAN, who has been knocked down by a motorcar : "Where am I?"

Enterprising Street Seller : "'Ere yer are, sir ; map of London, one penny."

THE New Exercise.—"What you need," said the specialist, "is plenty of exercise. I should strongly advise the automobile——" "But, doctor, I can't afford one." "You don't need to—just dodge them!"

A MOTORIST having a breakdown on a lonely country road, and finding he needed a small quantity of oil, hastened to a cottage he saw in the distance and knocked at the door. An urchin appeared

and the motorist said anxiously, "Ask your mother if she can let me have some—a little oil. Any kind will do—even castor oil." The boy disappeared, and after a long pause he came back with the answer, "Mother ses she ain't got no castor ile, but if yer comes into the house she'll give yer a dose of gregory!"

AN Irishman, going to the Post Office, inquired if there were any letters for him. "Your name, sir?" said the clerk. "There's a good one, now," replied Pat. "Sure, an' you'll see it on the back of the letter."

MAGISTRATE.—"Pat, I wouldn't think you would hit a little man lik that."

Pat.—"Suppose he called you an Irish slob?"

Magistrate. — "But I'm not an Irishman."

Pat.—"Suppose he called you a Dutch slob?"

Magistrate:—"But I'm not a Dutchman."

Pat.—"Well, suppose he called you the kind of slob that you are?"

ENTENTE Cordialities.—English guest (taking leave of hotel manager in Paris): "Eh bien! Au reservoir." Hotel Manager: "Tanks."

LITTLE TYMKINS, who is of a nervous disposition, called to see a friend, and when half-way up the garden path he

was alarmed to see a huge dog spring out at him, barking furiously. "Don't be afraid, Tymkins," called out the owner from the doorway. "'Barking dogs never bite,' you know." "That's all right," gasped Tymkins, as he backed to the gate; "I know the proverb, and you know it—but how do we know the dog knows it?"

MR. GEO. R. SIMS recalled with merri-
ment the financial condition of that Bohemia, the members of which, he said, were not over-particular if their weekly expenses sometimes exceeded the weekly income. They had occasional acquaintance with the law, but only a passing acquaintance with banks. He remembered a friend once receiving an open cheque for fifty pounds, from a publisher, and six of them accompanied him to the bank to cash it. When the cashier asked "How will you take it, sir?" his friend replied, "Oh, that's all right, old chap, we have got a cab outside."

A VISITOR was being shown round the village churchyard by the aged sexton. "Ah, yes, sir," explained the guide, "it is a famous cemetery. Here lies Oliver Cromwell, there we have the remains of Julius Cæsar, and—er—I forget who is lying here." "I think I could tell you," commented the visitor, with a twinkle of amusement.

MOTORING is still a subject of humour in the United States. "I suppose you have tried motoring, Judge?" asked the young man. "No, I have not," replied the judge; "but I've tried a lot of people who have."

A PAPER recently awarded the palm for cool audacity to a man who picked up a book on a bookstall outside, took it into the shop, and sold the bookseller his own book. This almost rivals the cheek of a man who stopped an electric car to ask the conductor if he had a match!

FROM the Simplified Spelling Society's Journal.

A farmer when going tu plough,
Met anuther man drieving a cough,
Hu sed sumthing that led tu a rough,
When thair dogz began tu bough-ough,
And the farmer got hit on the brough,
And had tu be taicen in tough.

"THE owner of that house," said Brown, "built it out of the blood, the aches, the groans of his fellow men; out of the grief of children and the wails of women."

"Great Scott! The brute! What is he—a money-lender?"

"Oh, dear no. He's a dentist."

NEARLY every skin can be made into boots and shoes: but the orange-skin is only available for slippers.

4.30 p.m. Laughter in the Drawing-room.

ON being asked where her mother was, a little girl, aged three, replied : "Mummy's in the jawing-room."

"DO make yourselves at home," said a hostess to her unexpected visitors. "I am at home myself, and would like you to be so too."

"FEED the brute " is a woman's recipe for keeping a husband in good humour. Another version, supplied by Estelle Klauder, is : "A man is like a horse. Put a bit in his mouth, and you can do anything with him."

PROSPECTIVE Bridegroom (to verger): "I intend getting married shortly. Please tell me how many Sundays are necessary for the publication of the banns."

Verger : "Three clear Sundays, young man—the same as for any ordinary execution."

ENTERING a railway carriage in which was a very lively wedding party, a woman was much exasperated by the comments made upon her. She waited her time, however, and when the laughter got beyond her endurance her woman's wit came to her assistance. Turning to look at her critics, she noticed that the bride was considerably older than the

bridegroom, and, in the smoothest of tones she said: "Madam, will you please ask your son to remove his feet from the back of my chair?" There was a strange silence for the rest of the journey.

A MODEL of Conciseness.—Letter of a well-known Frenchman to his wife: "Je commence, parce que je n'ai rien à faire; je finis, parce que je n'ai rien à dire."

THE Latest Spoonerisms.—Recently a clergyman told his congregation that he owed them a "deep grate of debtitude," and now comes the report that at a wedding ceremony a young man asked if it was "kisstomary to cuss the bride."

MR. J. OGDEN ARMOUR, speaking at Chicago, told this story of how an American girl named Jones who, having been engaged altogether too long, took advantage of Leap Year to hurry on her wedding. She accomplished this delicately, he said. She just signed a letter to her fiancé, "As always, Edith Jones," and she underscored "always" and "Jones" very heavily. The marriage in consequence was celebrated the next month.

WE all know the chief result of tea, said a doctor recently. Scandal, no doubt.

THREE months of matrimony hadn't taken the gilt off the ginger-bread for Mrs. Youngwife. She loved her husband very dearly, and didn't mind saying so.

When hubby was good she said he was "chocolate cake, three layers deep." If he was extra nice, it was "chocolate cake, four layers deep," and so on.

One day her mother dropped in to see her. The young bride was silent and grieved, but the wise mother pretended not to notice it.

"And how's George to-day?" she asked presently. "Chocolate cake, three layers deep or four?"

"No," said her daughter curtly.

"Two layers, then?"

"No."

"One layer, then?"

The bride shook her head.

"Then what is he?" asked her mother.

"Dog-biscuit!" snapped Mrs. Youngwife.

WE are Americans, wife and I,
Of the whole world alloy,
And that, you see, is the reason why
We named our little boy:
Jefferson Lincoln Ulysses Lee
Patrick Bismarck Jan
Theodore Bryan Juan Marie
Rain-in-the-Face Ivan
Levi Ah Sing Itookashoo
Olaf McGregor Bey
Simpkins Jose Nanki Poo
Pierpoint Debs O'Day.

IN THE DRAWING ROOM 109

Never to him do we speak his name,
Except as a last resort ;
Some day it will be on the tongue of
Fame,
But now he is " Bill " for short.

A DEBONAIR young gentleman nearly brought on his head a storm of abuse by confessing quite candidly (in explaining his lateness for dinner) that he ~~had~~ been spending his time at the club. " You're name was mentioned at the club," he explained to the astonished wife. " They were having a discussion on model wives. Somebody said I had one. Brown said I hadn't. I said I had, and I betted Brown a ' fiver ' that when I went home late for dinner you wouldn't say a word." " No. And I haven't, have I, darling ? " beamed the delighted wife. " What shall we do with the ' fiver ' ? "

MR. IAN HAY described " afternoon tea " as " the meal that combines the maximum of discomfort with the minimum of nourishment.

AS an instance of fastidiousness in parsons, a story is told of one who, meeting a well-known raconteur during Lent, thus checked his flow of reminiscence : " My dear sir, as it is Lent, would you mind if I asked you to confine your efforts exclusively to fish stories ? "

MISS HELEN MAR in her book of stories recalls that of a very young

and nervous curate who had to discourse one morning upon the vicissitudes of Jonah and the whale. " 'And for three days and three nights,' he began, 'Jonah was in the ——' He blushed, stammered, stopped, and then started again. 'For three days and three nights Jonah was in the ——' Once more he was covered with confusion, and once more he stopped and mopped his face, from which the perspiration was literally pouring, with his handkerchief. Then he gathered his courage in both hands, and with a mighty effort he finished triumphantly: 'And for three days and three nights Jonah was in the society of the whale!'"

A BISHOP tells a story of a nervous curate who, in his announcement of the banns of marriage for two couples, made the mistake of declaring that the first couple were "for the first time of asking" and the second "for the third time of asking." Realising his mistake only when he had finished, the curate nervously added: "And the first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

COMPLAINING of the increased cost of living, one young housewife said to another: "Why, my bills for clothes alone are more than twice as large this year as they were last year." "Mercy!" gasped the other; "I don't see how your husband can afford it!" "That's just it—he can't," replied the first. "But h:

couldn't afford it last year. So what's the difference ? ”

DR. ABERNETHY, a well-known Scots surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh, one day and showed a hand badly inflamed and swollen, when the following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place :—

“ Burn ? ”

“ Bruise.”

“ Poultice.”

The next day the woman called again, and the dialogue was as follows :—

“ Better ? ”

“ Worse.”

“ More poultice.”

Two days later the woman made another call, and this conversation occurred :—

“ Better ? ”

“ Well. Fee ? ”

“ Nothing,” exclaimed the doctor.
“ Most sensible woman I ever met.”

ONE day, coming back from shooting, with an empty bag, Sheridan did not like to go home without one bird, and, seeing a number of ducks in a pond, and a farmer leaning on a rail watching them, Sheridan said, “ What will you take for a shot at the ducks ? ” “ Oh,” said the stranger, “ about half a sovereign.” “ Done ! ” said Sheridan, and, paying the man, he fired into the middle of the flock,

killing a dozen ducks. "I am afraid you made a bad bargain," he said. "Well, I don't know," replied the man; "they weren't my ducks."

MR. GEORGE ADE is a great wit. Recently when showing a friend over his luxurious apartment at the Chicago Athletic Club, he said with a laugh: "Ah, you married men, of course, have better halves, but we bachelors have better quarters."

WHISTLER once described a lover as a man who, in his anxiety to obtain possession of another, loses possession of himself.

THIS story is told of Whistler and Leighton. They met one day in Piccadilly, and sauntered along together, as the narrator says, "talking art." "But, my dear Whistler," said Leighton, "you leave your work so rough, so sketchy! Why do you never finish?" Whistler screwed his glass into his eye and gave a finedish laugh. "My dear Leighton," he said, "why do *you* ever begin?"

WHISTLER once went into a Bournemouth hotel, and the landlord was at once all attention. His concern pleased the artist. "And who do you suppose I am," he asked at length. "Well, sir, I can't exactly say," was the reply, "but I should fancy you was from the 'Alls."

A DISAPPOINTED artist, indulging in a vein of abuse against Whistler, exclaimed, "He's, without exception, the most superficial, self-sufficient, ignorant, shallow creature that ever made any pretensions to art." "Gently, my dear sir," interrupted Whistler, who had been listening unobserved; "you quite forget yourself."

A VERY plain young man, of loose habits, happening to remark before Whistler that he was fastidious: "You mean," growled the latter, "that you're fast and hideous."

"YOU forget yourself," Whistler once said to an impertinent fellow; "but never mind," he added; "it's quite excusable to forget what's not worth remembering."

A PATRONISING young aristocrat was seated opposite Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward in the direction of the artist. "Aw, y'know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I passed your house this mawning." "Thank you," said Whistler, quietly. "Thank you very much."

TO a fond mother whose children were at the time making themselves disagreeable a guest observed: "I have a decided preference for bad children."

“How strange ! And, pray, for what reason ? ” “Because they are always sent out of the room ! ”

AN Irishman was once asked to describe what an Irish bull really was. “Well,” he said, “it’s difficult to explain ; but I’ll give you an illustration. Supposing I was to say there’s twelve cows lying down in that meadow over there, and one of ’em’s standing up, *that ’ud be a bull.*”

BRIDGET was unable to read, and took a love-letter to her mistress to read to her. “And I should take it as a favour, ma’am, if ye will put this cotton wool in yer ears while ye rade it ! ” she said.

THE little local train pulled up at the junction where passengers changed for Kirriemuir. The solitary porter put his head in the window of one of the compartments. “Anyone here for Kirriemuir ? ” he asked. There was no response, and the train moved on. Then an old Scotchwoman in the corner remarked, triumphantly : “A’m for Kirriemuir, but I wouldn’ tell that speerin’, inqueesitive idiot so ! ”

A LADY visitor to a prison, in the course of a chat with a burglar, thought she detected signs of reform in him. “And now,” she said, “have you any plans for the future, on the expira-

tion of your sentence ? ” “ Oh, yes, ma'am,” he said hopefully, “ I've got the plans of two banks and a post office ! ”

THE story is told of a Scotch minister who was walking through a street in the village one misty evening when he fell into a deep hole. There was no ladder by which he could make his escape, and he began to shout for help. A passing labourer heard his cries, and, looking down, asked who he was. The minister told him, whereupon the labourer remarked : “ Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. You'll no be needed afore Sawbath, an' this is only Wednesday nicht.”

WHEN photography was introduced the question was put to Sir Edwin Landseer : “ Will photography be an assistance to artists or not ? ” “ In my opinion,” he replied, “ it is a foe to graphic art.”

A FRENCHMAN, on being introduced to Sir Edwin Landseer, said, “ I am most happy to make your acquaintance, for I am very fond of beasts.”

THERE ought to be only one head to every family,” shouted the orator. “ That's true,” replied a worried-looking man in the audience. “ You agree with me ? ” shouted the speaker. “ I do,” replied the worried-looking man. “ I've

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just paid for hats for nine daughters.”
—*Diamond Fields Advertiser* (Kimberley).

“I CANNOT help noticing the absent faces with whom I used to shake hands,” said the parson who was preaching in his old parish once again.

A WEALTHY landowner, affected with the craze for Japanese gardening, invited the Japanese Ambassador to luncheon and afterwards, *London Opinion* relates, showed him round the gardens and greenhouses, keeping the Japanese garden till the last as a delightful surprise. When, after admiring the beauty of all the other gardens, the Ambassador was at last taken to the imitation of the gardens of his own flowery land, he held up his hands in enthusiastic delight. “Ah,” he exclaimed, “this is wonderful ! We have nothing like this in Japan !”

“YOU cannot burn the candle at both ends,” said the young wife, remonstrating with her hard-working literary husband. “I’m afraid, my dear,” was the reply, “it is the only way to make both ends meet.”

CULTURE is defined by a wag as “speaking of the house beautiful when you mean the beautiful house.”

THE Very Reverend Principal John Caird, the famous pulpit orator, was preaching, one dark winter afternoon, in

the chapel of a Scotch university. As he proceeded he became more and more impassioned. Towards the close of his sermon he waxed magnificently eloquent, ending in an exalted shout of "Light, light ; give us more light !" Whereupon the beadle promptly turned up the gas.

A VICAR who was preaching his farewell sermon, prior to taking a post as chaplain in a prison, somewhat unfortunately selected as his text, "I go to prepare a place for you."

MEETING a child sobbing "I've lost a penny," a benevolent old gentleman promptly produced another to stem the tide of grief. "Oh, you wicked old man, so you had it all the time !" was all he got in thanks.

SUNDAY School Teacher. — "And have you no brothers or sisters ?"

Little Marguerite. — "No, ma'am, I'm all the children we've got."

—*New York World.*

"IT is a noteworthy fact," says a writer, "that a woman's mind keeps much younger and fresher than a man's." Probably because she changes it more often.

WHAT is society but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries :

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CARPETS are usually sold by the yard, we learn from a furnishing catalogue. But they are worn out by the feet.

PAT was buying a clock, and in recommending one to him the shopkeeper remarked that it was an "eight-day clock." "And phwat is that?" inquired Pat. "Why, it goes eight days without winding." "So much as that," exclaimed the Irishman in astonishment. "Begorra, there's wan thing I'd loike to be after axing ye: If it goes eight days without winding, how long will it go if yez do wind it?"

ASKED to explain how she arrived at the calculation that she had three servants in her little home, a suburban resident replied: "Well, you see, we always have one coming, one going, and one there."

LADY: "I am collecting for the suffering poor." Man: "But are you sure they really suffer?" Lady: "Oh, yes, indeed! I go to their homes and talk to them for hours at a time."

"**HAS** that cookery-book any pictures?" said Miss C—— to a bookseller. "No, madam, none," was the answer. "Why," exclaimed the witty young lady, "what's the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no plates?"

"PAT, has your sister got a son or a daughter?" "Faith! and I don't know whether I'm an uncle or an aunt," replied Pat.

AN Irish private who was unable to write got the adjutant of his regiment to pen a letter for him. After the usual domestic inquiries and some compliments showered on his officers, Pat stopped his dictation. "Well, anything else?" asked the adjutant. "Only 'Kindly excuse bad writing and spelling,'" added Pat.

"I LOVE music," remarked Boreham; "it simply carries me away." "Then, do let me play something for you," put in the hostess eagerly.

THE late Mr. Pelissier used to say that, taking it all round, his voice got him into a lot of trouble. "For instance," he would say, "I remember on one occasion being left alone in the house with a brace of canaries belonging to my sister, of which she was very fond. 'Now,' thought I, 'I can at last be certain of a really appreciative audience! I will sing to them.' So I sang to them, and my sister never forgave me the loss of her canaries. It was the only authentic case I ever met with of 'Killing two birds with one's tone,'"

WHEN told that a friend could have bought a valuable property "for a song," a wag inquired: "Well, couldn't he sing?" "Oh, yes, he could sing," replied the other (getting his own back), "but he couldn't get the right notes!"

AT a luncheon in New York Dr. Lyman Abbott told a woman suffrage story. "I had heard a lot," he said, "about the success of women suffrage in Australia; so, meeting an Australian woman one day, I asked: 'How did you vote, madam, at the last election?' The Australian woman answered with a simper: 'In my mauve pannier gown, sir, with a large mauve hat trimmed with mauve aspreys.'"

DR. LEWIS WHITE ALLEN, the Denver physiologist, giving an informal talk on physiology, declared that "it has lately been found that the human body contains sulphur." "Oh, indeed!" exclaimed a young lady listener. "Then, how much sulphur is there in a girl's body?" "Well," said Dr. Allen, smiling, "the amount varies." "And is that," asked the girl, "why some of us make such much better matches than others?"

THE late Mr. Andrew Lang invited a friend to dinner at his house in Marloes Road, which is at the end of Cromwell Road. "How am I to get there?" said Andrew Lang's guest.

"Why," was the answer, "you walk along Cromwell Road till you drop dead, and my house is just opposite."

DR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN tells this story: "I was caught in a storm one day and took shelter in a one-storey cottage that leaked abominably. My host apologised for the leak, and I said to him: 'But why don't you patch the place?' 'Well, ye see, yer honour,' said he, 'when it's rainin' I can't do it, and when it's clear it don't need doin', so I jest naturally leave it alone.'"

DR. JOHNSON never had a reputation for paying compliments, but it is related that once when Mrs. Siddons called on him in Bolt Court and the servant did not readily bring her a chair, he said: "You see, madam, wherever you go there are no seats to be had."

OVERHEARD in a well-known London hostelry:—

An Habitue.—"Do you know, sir, that you are sitting in Dr. Johnson's seat?"

American Visitor, glancing around him nervously, as he jumps up from the chair: "I'm sorry! Where is he?"

PARSON at village wedding: "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?"

Bridegroom: "I be come on purpose."

A WILTSHIRE story.—

Visitor : "How on earth do you manage to live in this wild country ? "

Shepherd : "Oh, we do live zumhow, zur : "

Visitor : "But if you're ill, how about a doctor ? "

Shepherd : "Doctor ! We don't have no doctors here, we dies *a natural death*."

A SUBURBAN minister, during his discourse one Sunday morning, said : "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock, seeing him pushing a lawn-mower about his garden, leant over the fence. "Well, parson," he said, "I'm glad to see you cutting your sermons short."

IT was a christening ceremony, and the mild minister took the squalling infant in his arms.

"The name ? " he murmured, dipping his long, slim fingers into the font.

"Charles Louis Augustus Rembrandt Frederick Henry Napoleon White," answered the father calmly.

"Dear, dear ! " murmured the minister, turning to the vergers. "A little more water, Mr. Holyrood, if you please, a little more water."

A LADY, whose friends had arrived unexpectedly, had to get up an im-promptu dinner, and was compelled to send to the nearest pastrycook's for some tarts. All went well until the lady, wishing to

show off by pretending not to know what was on her own table, inquired, "John, what are these tarts?" Whereat John innocently replied, "Fourpence apiece, ma'am."

5.15 p.m. Laughter Tête-à-Tête.

REPARTEE, writes Mrs. Grover Cleveland, is merely insult in evening dress.

AN American author declares that when he gets time he is going to get out a book entitled "What Men Know About Women." There will be 500 pages in the volume, and they will all be blank!

SHE: "I love Ireland. I think I was meant for an Irishwoman." Pat: "On the contrary, I think you were meant for an Irishman."

"THE doctor says, my dear, that you must go to the country for a while and do just nothing at all. In your nervous state there's nothing so wholesome as a period of absolute boredom." "In that case you must come too, Edgar dear."—*Fliegende-Blätter*.

AS an excuse for leaving her employment in a house where the husband and wife had daily quarrels, a young secretary said to her employer: "You don't need an amanuensis. What you want is a war correspondent."

A QUACK doctor was holding forth about his "medicines" to a rural audience. "Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty-five years, and never heard a word of complaint. Now, what does that prove?" From a voice in the crowd came: "That dead men tell no tales."

IN reply to the feminine query: "What tense do I use when I say 'I am beautiful?'" a daring wit replied: "The Remote Past."

KIND Old Gent: "Do you know what happens to little boys who smoke?" Hopeful Youth: "Yes, I do. Why, every time they go anywhere to have a quiet smoke they get bothered by rude old men."

OLD Lady: "Dear, dear! Little boy, why do you sit on the curbstone eating those crusts?" Little Boy: "I'm doin' it for me health, ma'am. Ye didn't suppose I was hungry, did ye?"

"WHEN I was young," said the exasperated parent, "I never used to ask so many questions." "I wish you had, father," sighed the irrepressible, "'cos now you might have been able to answer some of mine!"

MARRYING for money reveals a poor spirit, said a speaker the other day. it certainly indicates a lack of "mettle."

IN "A Book of Public Speaking," is a story of a certain Parliamentary candidate known as a clever and very effective speaker in dealing with a hostile audience. On one occasion, when he had to address a meeting in his constituency, he had no sooner risen and said "Gentlemen" when someone threw an egg at him. Quite unperturbed he turned to the offender and said: "I was not speaking to you, sir!" After that he held his audience.

ANGRY lieutenant, shouting down speaking tube: "Is there a fool at the end of this tube?" Voice from the engine room: "Not at this end, sir!"

"I SHAN'T trouble anyone much longer," said the wealthy old uncle, despondently. "Nonsense," returned his dutiful nephew; "of course you will!"

A DOCTOR was attending a dangerous case where a Scottish butler was engaged. On calling in the forenoon he said to Donald: "I hope your master's temperature is much lower to-day than it was last night."

"I'm no sae very sure about that," replied the butler, "for he dee'd this morning."—*Argonaut*.

THE story is told of an English actress who, on a trip across the Atlantic, many years ago was so horrified at seeing one of the ship's officers knock one of the

crew down that she remained in her cabin till the end of the voyage. Then, seeing the man on deck, with deep sympathy she asked him: "How is your head now?" "West by North, ma'am," was the answer!

"IS it true you have given your sister a portrait of your wife painted by the great Cubist?"

"Yes, my wife would have nothing to do with it, so I told my sister it was a Soudan flag, and she cut it out of its frame and made a hat of it."

WHEN a love-lorn youth ecstatically exclaimed "Venus. Bewitching, entrancing Venus," the young lady replied, "But I would rather be Saturn."

"Why, my fair one?"

"Because Saturn gets a new ring occasionally."

THE story is told of a young man who, wishing to write a birthday sonnet to a young lady, consulted a poetic friend. "I want," he said, "to say something tender, but nothing that will in any way commit me." "I see," replied the friend, "it isn't a poet you want to draw up your birthday verse. It's a lawyer."

A GERMAN cobbler and his wife had two dogs, a big St. Bernard, six months old, and a little fox terrier, three years old. A friend, calling one day, said to the cobbler: "Those are two fine dogs you

have." "Yes," replied the cobbler "und de funny part of it iss dat de biggest dog is de littlest one." His wife then spoke up and explained: "You must mine husband egscuse; he shpeaks not very good English. He means de oldest dog is de youngest one."

"DO widows make the best wives?" asks a weekly paper. Certainly, you can't marry a-miss if you marry a widow.

HE (cautiously): "If I should propose, would you say 'Yes'?" She (still more cautiously): "If you knew I would say 'Yes,' would you propose?"

"LOUISE, I really cannot permit you to read novels on Sunday." "But, grandmamma, this novel is all right; it tells about a girl who was engaged to three Episcopal clergymen at once."

—*New York Life*.

"WHY, Sandy, I havena' seen ye this lang syne." "Oh, I've been getting marrit." "Oh, that's a bad job." "But the wife had money." "Oh, that's a good job." "But she spent it." "Oh, that's a bad job." "But she bought a house wi' it." "Oh, that's a good job." "But the house got burned down." "Oh, that's a bad job." "But she was inside it." "Oh, that's a good job."

SHE: "Grace spends an awful lot of money." He: "Not a saving grace, evidently."

THE late Mr. Bradley Martin, who was himself a polished wit, used to recall with delight a conversation he overheard between two girls apropos of an aged millionaire's marriage to a debutante. "I know he's rich," said one, "but isn't he too old to be considered eligible?" "My dear," answered the other girl, "he's too eligible to be considered old."

HE had just given her a cheque for her first monthly allowance.

"I think," she said, coyly, "I shall have this cheque photographed."

"To preserve as a memento?" he asked.

"No, so that I can have it enlarged."

AT a banquet a young lady whom he knew very well said to Mr. J. S. Sargent R.A.: "Oh, Mr. Sargent, I saw your latest painting and kissed it because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said Mr. Sargent, "it was not like me."

MISTRESS.—"I thought I told you to bring some hot water up to my room this morning, Mary?"

Servant.—"So you did, mum, but I took it up last night in case I forgot it."

ASKED how the plans for his new house were progressing, the male owner replied, "Oh, all right. My wife has finally laid out all the cupboards she

wants, and all the architect's got to do now is to build the house around them."

"**N**OW, sir, attend to me!" said a cross-examining counsel, who was just losing his temper, to a stolid farmer. "Is this your handwriting?"

"Noa, it ben't," replied the farmer.

"Remember, you are on oath, sir! Do you swear it is not your handwriting?"

"Yaas."

"Does it at all resemble your handwriting?"

"Noa, I can't say that it do."

"Now, sir, no prevarication! I won't be trifled with! Does this resemble your handwriting?"

"I can't say it do."

"Will you take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours?"

"I know it don't."

"Oh, you know, do you? Well iust tell the jury how you know!"

"'Cos I can't write!"

"**C**OULD you tell me, please," inquired the "Nut" of the young lady at the post office, "if this letter will be delivered in Manchester to-morrow morning if it is posted now?" "Yes," was the reply, "by the first delivery." "I'm afraid it won't," he retorted. "Why not?" she inquired. "Because it's addressed to Leeds," he replied, making for the door.

"**I**T'S disgraceful the way some people waste time," remarked Mrs. Prye.

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"I've been watching those two women opposite for over an hour, and they've been gossiping all that time !"

IN place of the "love, honour, and obey," in the marriage service, says a novelist, up-to-date brides now whisper, "love, honour, and be gay."

THE three R's in the education of a debutante, are raiment, ragtime, and repartee.

THE longest surname in the world is said to be claimed by a negro king of the West Coast of Africa, whose visiting card, if he had one, would read as follows :

King Hagabahasamadasabalanarahilaragaradalammasakalafarahamalalaladalahsatarahnamahagabaha.

This, however, is not quite so lengthy as a word in Aristophanes, which is said to be the longest word in any language. It is :—

Lepadotemachoselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimupotrimmatosilphioparao-melitokatakumenokichlepikephallophattoperisteralektruonoptekephallio-kinchlopelaiolagoosiraioabethraganopterugon.

SHE : "Percy, if a man were to sit on your hat, what would you say ?" He : "I should call him a confounded ass, darling." She : "Then don't sit on it any longer, dearest."

“WHAT do you mean by saying your dog took the first prize in the cat show.” “Why, he took the cat !”

LADY (at piano) : “ I am told you love good music.”

Youth : “ Oh, that doesn't matter. Pray go on.”

THE widower had just taken his fourth wife and was showing her round the village. Among the places visited was the churchyard, and the bride paused before a very elaborate tombstone that had been erected by the bridegroom. Being a little near-sighted, she asked him to read the inscriptions, and in reverent tones he read :—

“ Here lies Susan, beloved wife of John Smith, and Jane, beloved wife of John Smith, and Mary, the beloved wife of John Smith.”

He paused abruptly, and the bride, leaning forward to see the bottom line, read to her horror :—

“ Be ye also ready.”

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE wrongs of Ireland are inexhaustible.

“ There's a difference in time, you know, between this country and Europe,” said a gentleman in New York to a newly-arrived Irishman. “ For instance, your friends in Cork are in bed and fast asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening.”

“ That's always the way ! ” exclaimed

Pat. "Ireland niver got justice yit."

WHEN the beautiful Countess of ——— was one evening coming out of the House of Lords, a youthful Peer whispered to another: "She looks like a Babylonish beauty." "Well," was the reply, "it's a kind of Babylonish captivity I should be very proud of."

THE impecunious young man was interviewing his expected father-in-law. "So," said the latter, "it is evidently your opinion that two can live as cheaply as one?" "Yes, sir," replied the youth, "I don't think you will find any perceptible difference."

"YOU mean to say a burglar stole the marble clock from the mantelshelf with the dog in the room?"

"Yes, but you see Fido is only a *watch-dog*, the little dear."

—*New York Life*.

AMERICAN humour:—

The dumb man saw a wheel and spoke.
The deaf man saw a flock and herd.
The blind man bought a plane and saw.

LINES WRITTEN BY A (REJECTED)
CANDIDATE FOR THE LAUREATE-
SHIP.

THERE are plenty of words that can
rhyme with enough,
Though some may declare that is non-
sense and stough.

They may talk till they're black in the
face, and quite rough ;
When they find I am right, they'll go off
in a hough.
The food that's as good as a feast is
enough.
When you're on the high seas, and the
seas they are rough,
Some people can never tell blue things
from bough.
A person like that is no more than a
mough.
You wrestle each morn with your collar
and cough,
Then make for your train while you blow
and you pough,
The frill that you wear round your neck
is a rough,
To provoke a good sneeze, you take
pinches of snough.
When playing at draughts, don't forget
you must hough.
Although to your friends you are hearty ,
and blough,
And stand them all drinks at the Crow
and the Chough,
You can say nasty things if your steak it
is tough.
And you heave out your cook by the neck
and the scrough.
These lines are composed by a poet named
Dough.
(The e-r's left out, as that line's long
enough).
I inscribe the above to my kitten called
Flough.

E.B.

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WIFE: "Yes, in a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own."

Husband: "Perhaps she can—but she never does."

"WHAT is woman's favourite word?" asks a ladies' paper. The last, of course.

"HOW easy it is, after all," soliloquised the tax-collector, "to find people out."

IN a village school a boy was asked: "Where did Pharoah's daughter find Moses?"

At first the boy discreetly kept silence.

"Come now, wasn't it in some bull-rushes?"

"Yes, teacher, so she *said*."

THE little girl admired her mother's dress, stroking it softly.

"Do you know what silk is made from?" asked the mother.

"No, mamma."

"It comes from a little insignificant worm."

"Do you mean father, mamma?" asked Isabel.

CONNIE: "How well you looked at the Fancy Dress Ball."

Minnie: "Think so?"

Connie: "Rather. You had on such a becoming mask."

LEARNED judge, to very small witness.
 " You're very young to give evidence:
 Are you sure you understand the nature
 of an oath ? "

Small witness : " I should rather think
 I do, sir. I'm your caddie."

SWANS sing before they die. "Twere no
 bad thing,
 Should certain persons die before they
 sing.

S. T. Coleridge.

HE (tenderly) : " I love you ! "

She (flutteringly) : " Do you mean it ? "

He (ardently) : " I adore you ! "

She (shyly) : " And do you wish to
 marry me ? "

He (reproachfully) : " Now why did
 you change the subject ? "

6.0 p.m. Laughter in the Library.

A **POPULAR** author maintains that
 " the proper study of mankind " is a
 room womankind can't get into.

MR. ASHLEY STERNE, in his
 " Encyclopædia of Happy Thoughts,"
 has the following :—

SHAKESPEARE, William, actor
 and dramatist. Has often collaborated
 with Sir Herbert Tree. Known as the
 " Wilkie Bard of Avon." Said by his
 friend Bacon to have closely resembled
 in feature Mr. Hall Caine. Wrote

amongst other works the "Merry Wives of Windsor," in which he demonstrates the existence of Happy Moments even in those days.

THE Shakespeare-Bacon quarrel goes on, and will go on eternally, no doubt. The best solution of the problem was crystallised in the remark of a club lounge, made casually after lunch :—

"You know, old chap," he said, "I think, don't you know, that it wasn't Shakespeare who wrote the plays, but another chap of the same name."

OF Tennyson's "Holy Grail" George Meredith wrote : "The lines are satin lengths, the figures Sevres china. . Why, this stuff is not the muse, it's musery. The man has got hold of the muse's clothes-line and hung it with jewellery." He called the "Idylls of the King" "yards of linen—drapery for the delight of ladies." Tennyson, on the other hand, once said that "reading Meredith was like wading through glue."

HALLAM says of Carlyle's "French Revolution," "The style is so abominable I could not get on with it." "Eh ! The poor miserable skeleton of a book !" sighed Carlyle as he put down Hallam's "European History."

BOOK-KEEPING taught in one lesson.
—Don't lend them.

THE sale of one of Robert Browning's translations recalls the comments passed on the poet's version of the "Agamemmon." The most cruel was that attributed to Mr. Jowett. "I have been able to understand Browning's English," said Jowett, "with the aid of the Greek original."

HORACE WALPOLE likened Dante to a "Methodist parson in Bedlam." The criticism is as witty as representative and as trenchant as any false criticism can be. No poet ever had so many true or so many false worshippers. The cruel side-hit at Wordsworth which comes into Bulwer Lytton's criticism of Tennyson is another case in point :—

"Jingling medley of purloined conceits,
Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats."

"COME and dine with me to-morrow,"
said a fellow to a pal.

"Sorry, but I'm going to see Hamlet."

"Never mind. Bring him with you."

—*Books of To-Day & To-morrow.*

RECIPE for writing verse.—Take two large and tender human hearts which match one another perfectly. Arrange these close together, but preserve them from actual contact by placing between them some cruel barrier. Wound them both in several places, and insert through the openings thus made a fine stuffing of wild yearnings, hopeless

tenderness, and a general admiration for stars. Then completely cover up one heart with a sufficient quantity of chill churchyard mould, which may be garnished according to taste with dark waving weeds or tender violets: and promptly break over it the other heart.

—*Books of To-Day & To-morrow.*

THIS story of Mr. Hall Caine's resemblance to Shakespeare comes from America. Once by chance the novelist ran across Ignatius Donnelly, the Bacon-Shakespeare controversialist. Donnelly, gazing upon Hall Caine's broad white brow, pointed face, and thin beard, removed his hat and said: "Lord Bacon, I presume!"

ACCORDING to the *Pioneer* (the organ of simplified spelling), James Russell Lowell "trooli sez":—

Nue okaezhunz teech nue duetiz;
Tiem maeks aenshent guod unkooth;
Dhae must upwaard stil, and onwaard,
Whoo wuod keep abrest ov trooth.

But surely Lowell never said it like that!

"NEVER lend books," said the old gentleman to his nephew, "never lend a single book, my boy." Then, waving his hand toward a particularly handsome shelf in his library, he said: "Do you see those volumes? Well, every one of them was lent to me!"

AN American versifier gives this description of a man's "den" in his own home— :

What is a den ?

A den is when

The broken chairs,

The rugs with tears,

The pictures cracked,

The table hacked,

A tickless clock,

Desk that won't lock

Are gathered in a heap by ma

And put into a room for pa.

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY E. V
LUCAS.

MR. and Mrs. Linsey-Martell lived a life of disagreement.

Mr. Linsey-Martell was a novelist in a modest but capable way.

Mrs. Linsey-Martell did not dislike her husband and was annoyed when he was away, but she took no interest in his work, never read his novels, and rarely mentioned him to her friends except in disparagement, referring to him not as a brute but an incubus.

Mr. Linsey-Martell died.

Mrs. Linsey-Martell was plunged in dismay ; yet the dressmaker's visit was not without excitement, and her mind dwelt more on the future than the past.

The next day she was astonished by the arrival of two journalists within a few minutes of each other asking for details concerning Mr. Linsey-Martell's

career, which she supplied in a colourless narrative.

During the morning three similar applications were made, and as she replied to them she began to be conscious of a new feeling concerning Mr. Linsey-Martell, in which something like pride had a part. Emotion once interrupted her narrative.

As Mrs. Linsey-Martell read the notices in the papers next day she realized that it was an interesting thing to be the widow of a great writer. Her heart beat.

From an article in a weekly paper Mrs. Linsey-Martell learned a number of adjectives to apply to her husband's works.

* * * * *

Mrs. Linsey-Martell had all Mr. Linsey-Martell's books bound in morocco, richly tooled, and a little bookcase made specially for them.

* * * * *

Mrs. Linsey-Martell thinks nothing of any other author.

A NOVEL in three chapters—

I.

Algy met a bear.

II.

The bear was bulgy.

III.

The bulge was—Algy.

A N old-fashioned novel—

Man meets maid,

Handshake kisses,

Parson paid,

Miss made Mrs.

WITH a modern sequel.

Weeks of love,
Matter of course,
Months of strife
End in divorce.

6.30 p.m. Laughter with the Children.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS says "it takes at least ten grown persons to amuse one healthy child, and even then relays are necessary." On the other hand, of course, Baby can retort that one healthy child can amuse at least ten grown persons!

"DIDN'T you like that dog?" inquired a little girl of her father. "No," he replied, "his legs are too short." "But, daddy, they couldn't be any longer. They reach right down to the ground!"

A LITTLE girl, aged four, accompanied her mother to the butcher shop. As she saw the sawdust-covered floor she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, what a lot of doll's this butcher has broken!"

—*Harper's*.

ASKED to pray for warm weather so that her grandma's rheumatism might pass away, a little girl knelt and said: "Oh, Lord, please make it hot for grandma."

OLD Gent: "How old are you, my little man?" Little Boy: "Six, guv'nor."

Old Gent : " And what are you going to be some day ? " Little Boy : " Seven. guv'nor."

THE teacher had tried in vain to impress upon her pupil's mind that it was incorrect to say, " have went." As a last resort she told him to remain after school and write upon the blackboard 100 times the words " I have gone." When after much effort the laborious task was completed Johnny waited for the teacher, who had left the room, to return. Finally in desperation he wrote beneath his completed task : " Miss Smith, I have wrote ' I have gone ' 100 times and have went home."

A VERY little girl was taken across the Channel via Boulogne to Paris the other day. " Oh, Mummy ! " said she wearily, as time seemed long, " when *will* the ship get out of its bath ? "

—*The Gentlewoman.*

BOBBY'S father, while playing cricket with the boys, fell and sprained his ankle. Bobby heard the doctor prescribe an embrocation ; and he also heard his father discourse heatedly on wickets. " What did your father use on his ankle ? " a friend asked. " I'm not quite sure," said Bobby, " but I think he used an imprecation."

SIR WILLIAM RAMSAY tells an amusing story to show that the habit

of reasoning is developed in male children at a remarkably early age. While visiting a friend he overheard a discussion between the little son and daughter of his host. "I wonder what we're put into the world for?" remarked the small boy. "We are put here to help others, of course," replied his gentle little sister. "Um!" exclaimed the boy after a moment's thought, "then what are the others here for?"

A SMALL boy's first visit to a blacksmith's. "Mamma," he said, "I saw a man making a horse." Mamma: "You must be mistaken, surely." "No, I'm not, mamma. He had the horse nearly finished when I came away. He was just nailing on the feet."

A CLERGYMAN visiting a local school, and wishing to illustrate the meaning of the word "conscience," said: "Supposing one of you stole a piece of sugar and put it in your mouth, and someone came in, what would happen?" "I'd get a thrashing, sir," piped a small voice. "Yes, but your face would become red, wouldn't it? What would make it do that?" "Trying to swallow the sugar quick, sir," came the prompt answer.

"WILLIE," said the mother sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gee!" said Willie, "you must have been a terror. Look at grandpa!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A LITTLE girl once described a snake
as "a thing that's a tail all the way
up to its head."

MOTHER'S singing lullabies
To her little son.
Still the noisy infant cries ;
Seems he's never done.
Mother heaves a weary sigh ;
Life has lost it joy
Since she's found a lullaby
Won't always lull a boy.

ENQUIRING little girl : " Father, have
you had another wife before you
married mother ? 'Cos our big Bible
register says you married Anno Domini
1885."

AUNT : " What became of the kitten
you had when I was here before ? "

Little Niece (in surprise) : " Why,
don't you know ? "

Aunt : " I haven't heard a word. Was
she poisoned ? "

Niece : " Oh, no ! "

Aunt : " Drowned ? "

Niece : " Oh, no ! "

Aunt : " Stolen ? "

Niece : " No."

Aunt : " Well, I can't guess. What
became of her ? "

Niece : " She grewed into a cat."

"NOW, tell me," said the teacher in the
history class, "who was the mother
of the great Scottish hero, Robert

Bruce ? ” After a long and embarrassed silence one scholar replied : “ Please, teacher, she was Mrs. Bruce.”

ASKED to define a curve, a schoolboy replied : “ A curve is the longest way between two points.”

THIS is related of an American school-master. One day at school he gave a bright boy a sum in algebra, and, although the problem was comparatively easy, the boy couldn't do it. “ You ought to be ashamed of yourself,” said the master. “ At your age George Washington was a surveyor.” The boy looked him straight in the eyes and replied : “ Yes, sir ; and at your age he was President of the United States.”

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, who was a well-known figure in Edinburgh streets, eccentric-looking, with his hair falling in ringlets to his shoulders, often told this anecdote against himself. Accosted one day by a filthy little boot-black, he said : “ I don't want a shine, my lad, but if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you sixpence.” The lad promptly washed himself at a neighbouring fountain, but, returning, refused the proffered sixpence with a lordly air. “ I'll no tak' it from ye,” he said, “ you keep it an' get your hair cut ! ”

A LITTLE girl who had been trained by her mother always to say, “ No,

thank you," when cake was brought round a second time, was rather puzzled when at her first party cake came round a third time. "And what did you do, dear?" asked the anxious mother. Little Girl: "Oh, I just said what father does at breakfast: 'Take the damn thing away.'"

WHAT'S in a Name. — "Bobbie, your mother's calling you." "Oh, she doesn't want me very badly." "But she has called you seven times." "Oh, that's all right. She hasn't started calling 'Robert' yet."

TEACHER: "Where is your brother this morning, Bobby?"

Bobby: "Please, miss, he's ill in bed."

Teacher: "What's the matter with him?"

Bobby: "Please, miss, we were seeing who could lean out of the window farthest, and he won."

"I WISH I was a squib," said an urchin to his father, who was about to punish him for disobedience. "Why?" asked the parent. "Because I'd be let off," replied the boy, with a knowing grin. He was.

AT a recent dinner in New York, Professor Alfred E. Stearns told this story in illustration of a point in his speech: "In Orange in my childhood I once complained of the difficulties of

spelling. I said that 'ei' and 'ie' in such words as 'believe' and 'receive' always stumped me. Then a man patted me on the head and smiled and said : 'My boy, I will give you an infallible rule of "ei" and "ie"—a rule that in forty-seven years has never failed me.' I expressed my delight and waited. The man resumed : 'The rule is simply this : Write your "i" and "e" exactly alike and put your dot exactly between them'."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher.—"What kind of sweetmeats did they have in the ark?" Ingenious youth.—"Preserved pairs."

"LILIAN," said the girl's mother, "there were three pieces of cake in the pantry, and now there is only one. How did it happen?" "Oh!" said the child, her eyes wide open with excitement, "it was so dark in there that I didn't see the other piece."

TOMMY," said the careful parent, "eat up that crust. Remember the day may come when you'll want a piece of bread." "Then hadn't I better keep it for the day I shall want it, mamma?"

VERA (eight years old).—"What does transatlantic mean, mother?"

Mother.—"Across the Atlantic, of course; but you mustn't bother me."

Vera.—"Does 'trans' always mean across?"

Mother.—“I suppose it does. Now do stop bothering me with questions.”

Vera (after a few minutes' silence).—
“Then does transparent mean a cross parent?”

“DADDY,” said the little six-year-old daughter, “do you know what I am going to give you for your birthday when it comes?” “No, dear,” answered the fond father, “but please tell me.” “A nice, new china shaving mug, with gold flowers on it all around,” said the little maid. “But, my dear,” explained her parent, “I have a nice one like that already.” “No, you haven't,” she answered thoughtfully, “'cos—'cos I've just dropped it!”

“SMART Boy Wanted.”—“Aren't you the boy who was here a week ago looking for a position?” “Yes, sir.” “I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?” “Yes, sir, that's why I'm here now.”

A TEACHER, in giving examples of the use of the hyphen, quoted the word “bird-cage,” and then asked one of the scholars: “Now, then, tell me why we put a hyphen in ‘bird-cage’?” “For the bird to sit on,” was the unexpected reply.

A MAN who had been absent for a considerable time, and who during his travels had cultivated a great crop of

whiskers and moustaches, visited a relative whose little girl had been his special favourite. The little girl made no offer to salute him with the usual kiss.

"Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give your old friend a kiss?"

"Mother," answered the child, "I don't see any place."

JOHNNY (after listening breathlessly to the story of William Tell): "And was the little boy allowed to eat the apple afterwards?"

A LONDON school-mistress gives this curious example of childish misconception. The class had been accustomed to sing each afternoon a short hymn commencing with the line:—

"Weak and sinful though we be," and on a new teacher investigating their rather indefinite articulation it was found that nearly half the class had been rendering the line:—

"We can sing, full though we be."

SUNDAY School Teacher.—"What do we mean by the quick and the dead?"

Small Boy.—"Them as gets out of the way of motor-cars is quick, and them as don't is dead."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

TOMMY," said the teacher, "you have spelled 'window' without the 'n.' Do you mean to tell me you don't know the difference between 'window' and 'widow'?"

Tommy (searching for a definition):
 "Yes, sir. You can see through one
 but . . . but, you can't see through the
 other, sir!"

SMALL Boy, on board steamer, pointing
 to lifebuoy: "Mother, why do
 they carry an extra tyre?"

—*London Budget.*

A TEACHER was telling his Sunday
 school class the story of the Prodigal
 Son, and, wishing to emphasise the disagreeable
 attitude of the elder brother on that occasion,
 he laid especial stress on this phase of the
 parable. After describing the rejoicing of the
 household over the return of the wayward son,
 he spoke of one who, in the midst of the
 festivities, failed to share in the jubilant,
 spirit of the occasion. "Now," he asked,
 "can any one tell me who this was?"
 One small boy, who had been listening
 attentively to the story, raised his hand.
 "I know," he declared confidently; "it
 was the fatted calf."

FATHER.—"Well, my boy, what are
 you going to be when you grow up?"
 Young Hopeful: "I'm going to be a
 soldier."

Father: "But then you stand a
 chance of being killed by the enemy."
 Young Hopeful (after reflection): "Well,
 I'll be one of the enemy then."

"BOYS, what is the plural of penny?"
 inquired a schoolmaster. "Two-

pence," shouted the sharpest youth in the class.

AN Irishman, in great fright and haste, rushed into his master's surgery and exclaimed: "Bedad, the boy Tim has swallowed a rat!" "Then bedad," said the doctor, "tell the boy Tim to swallow a cat."

THE teacher was explaining to the class that brides "always wore white because the wedding day was the happiest of a woman's life." "Then why do the men all wear black?" asked a precocious small boy.

MAMMA," asked little Dora, "do men ever go to Heaven?" "Why, of course, my dear. What makes you ask that?" "Because I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers." "That's because," broke in her maiden aunt, caustically, "if some men do go to Heaven, they get there by a close shave!"

TOMMY," said the careful mother, "do I actually see you playing with your soldiers on the Sabbath day?" "Oh, that's all right, ma," replied the young hopeful; "this is the Salvation Army!"

WHAT to do with Our Boys.—The only way to make sure your son will not be fast is to make a messenger boy of him,

MY little boy," remarked the worried parent, "catches every illness going." "Then he must be a genius." "How's that?" "He has such infinite capacity for taking pains!"

TEACHER: "Jane, can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI.?"

Jane: "Mary, Teacher."

Teacher: "Now, Lucy, who followed Mary?"

Lucy (absent-minded): "Her little lamb, Teacher."

—*The University Correspondent.*

"HOW is the earth divided?" asked the teacher, and the smart boy replied: "By earthquakes, sir."

WHAT is a sentence?" asked the teacher during the grammar lesson. "Thirty days, miss," was the instant reply.

THE following appears in the *Pioneer*, the Simplified Spelling Society's journal:—

"Which subject duu yu liec best at scuul?" a boi woz aasct. "Speling, sur." "Indeed! Moest boiz doen't. Whi duu yu?" "Becauz everi tiem I spel a wurd teecher laafe."

Another stori from the claasroom iz tu hand. It iz iluuminaiting. "We had tu rite about George Washington tu-dai, muther." "I hoep yu didn't forget tu tel about the cheri-tree." "I

sed he saud it doun." " Saud is doun !
He chopt it with hiz hachet." " But
I coodn't spel hachet ! "

MR. F. BALFOUR-BROWNE tells this story. At a time when the Darwinian theory was being discussed, a fussy old gentleman who thought he knew all about it took his son to the Zoo and aired his knowledge of things in general. When the youngster asked why the giraffe's neck was so long, the father replied, " So that it can reach food from the tops of high trees." " Then why are the trees so tall ? " inquired the son.

A BOY was creeping through a hole in the hedge of a fruit garden, when the proprietor shouted, " Hullo ! where are you going ! " " Back again," replied the boy with all the brevity of wit.

8. p.m. Laughter at the Theatre.

IT was Mr. Henry J. Byron who said " A play is like a cigar. If it's bad it won't draw ; if it's good everyone wants a box."

MR. JEROME HART, in his book about Sardou, tells the story of Sheridan and of one who ventured to comfort him for an unsuccessful play. " Can anything be worse than a damned play ? "—and Sheridan replied, " Yes, a d——d fool."

A CERTAIN comedian was pulled up by the author of the play in which he was appearing.

"There's absolutely no need to gag," he said, with some asperity, "the play's funny enough without it. All you've got to do is to speak my lines quietly and wait for the laugh."

"That's all right," replied the other ; "you live in town, but I have to catch the twelve o'clock express from Victoria for my little place in the country."

IT was an embittered playwright who remarked that the actor's "gags" are so called because they stifle the author !

AN instance of "gagging" on the stage is quoted in the *San Francisco Argonaut*. "Die, villain !" the hero of the drama said, and shot off his revolver at the villain's head. But the gun didn't go off. Six times the hero pulled the trigger, and not a single explosion took place. The audience was getting hysterical, when the victim struck an attitude and said : "Your pistol has missed fire, Sir Reginald, but what difference does it make ? The thought that I was to be shot has frightened me to death !" And he rolled over and died.

IN a small town in Cheshire, a group of barnstormers was playing to meagre audiences. The villain dragged the shrinking heroine down the stage to the

footlights, and in her ear he hissed, "Are we alone?" "No, guv'nor," interrupted the lone occupant of the gallery, "not to-night, you ain't; but you will be to-morrow night!"—*The Rural World*.

THE difficulties of the dramatic author in the Wild West.

Author (the curtain having fallen on his first act)—"What is the audience shouting for?"

Manager.—"They're calling for the author."

A.—"Shall I appear, then?"

M.—"Wa-al, I think not. They've got their revolvers in their hands!"

A BARRIE story.—A certain actor gave a performance which (according to Sir J. M. Barrie) did not harmonise with his reputation. Barrie was sitting in the stalls with a friend, and when the curtain fell upon the first act he studied his programme in rather painful silence. The male parts ended with this actor's name elevated above the rest by the distinguishing prefix of "and." It was upon this point that Barrie's mind revolved. Presently he turned to his companion and said: "Surely it ought to be 'but.'"

A BUMPTIOUS visitor bounced one day into Daly's Theatre, and asked to see Mr. George Edwardes. Mr. Edwardes did not know the man, but he learned from his card that he was a song-writer, and decided to humour the

occasion. The song-writer (says *Theatre-land*) was accordingly shown into Mr. Edwardes' room. "Hallo, George," he exclaimed. "Heard my last song?" Mr. Edwardes regarded the young man keenly, and then glanced at his music case, "I trust so," he replied.

MR. CHARLES FROHMAN was talking about his plans for the winter. "I hoped that George Alexander would go to the States," he said. "Alexander is, of his type, the best actor alive to-day." "Alexander isn't his right name, is it?" the journalist asked. "No," said Mr. Frohman, "his right name is Samson. It was a pity to change the name of Samson for that of Alexander." "But Alexander conquered the world, you know," smiled the other. "Samson, however, is the more appropriate theatrical name," Mr. Frohman insisted. "Have you forgotten that Samson was the first who brought the house down?"

GENIUS will out—often at the elbows.

A YOUNG couple who had taken their baby to the theatre were warned by the attendant that if they could not keep the child quiet they would have to go to the box office, get their money back, and go out. For a time all went well, but the play was pretty poor, whereupon the husband, leaning forward, whispered to his wife: "Stick a pin in the baby!"

FIRST Friend : "So you went to the theatre last night. Did the play have a happy ending?" Second Friend : "Comparatively so. All money was refunded after the second act."

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE, the actor, paid too much court to Bacchus, and one night when he was more than usually obfuscated, and could not remember the first soliloquy in "Richard III.," the house began to get angry. He walked to the footlights, and, laying his hand upon his heart, hiccupped "My old complaint." But the next night he was in such good form that he "paralysed" his audience with his genius.

AT another time Cooke, failing to get an advance from the management of Drury Lane, walked across the road to a pawnbroker's, got the proprietor to advance him £20 on his corporeal body, sat on a shelf, and sent the voucher to the theatre, and the distracted management had to send over the way and redeem him!

ONE day, at rehearsal, Sir Herbert Tree asked a youthful actor to "Step back a little." The player did so. Tree eyed him critically—and went on rehearsing. After a time he repeated the request : "A little further back." The youth obeyed. Surveying him, Tree went on with his work. Shortly afterwards he again asked him to step still further back.

"If I do," expostulated the youth,
 "I shall be right off the stage."

"Yes," said Tree, "that's right."

ON another occasion Sir Herbert was frowning upon a minor actor, whose acting was obtrusively inadequate. Apparently instruction had been administered, and had failed. In any case, Sir Herbert strode up to the lesser light and observed: "I am afraid we shall not be together long." The actor raised his eyebrows in surprise. "What!" he cried, "are you leaving us?"

MUSIC-HALL manager (to comic performer): "I thought you said you had a novel finish to your act, and here I find the same old stuff." Comedian: "Well, it's new to the audiences, anyhow, for no one has ever stayed to see the act through."

THE would-be comedian had just given a performance of his "turn" before the manager. "No," said the latter, "it won't do. I don't want any profanity in my theatre, my boy." "But I didn't use any profanity," gasped the astonished stage aspirant. "No—o," was the reply, "but the audience would!"

FRIEND: "The public will miss you now you have left the stage." Actor: "That's why I left. I dislike being hit."

ACTORS," says Mr. J. A. Waldron, "will never suffer a kettle to boil in their presence. They can't stand the hissing sound."

AN author who was present at the first night performance of a very successful play written by a rival declared afterwards that it was the poorest piece he had seen. "Then why did you not hiss it?" inquired a friend. "Impossible," was the retort, "a man cannot hiss and yawn at the same time."

"YOU must let me congratulate you," said a rival to a successful author, "on the effective sleep-walking scene in the third act of your new play." "Sleep-walking scene? I don't recollect——" "Yes, where the audience gets up in its sleep and walks out!"

MR. GERALD LAWRENCE tells a story of a super who got left behind on the stage after the exit of the others at rehearsal. "Why didn't you get off?" asked Mr. Lawrence. "You saw them all go." "Well, sir," replied the super, "it wasn't the same cue as I 'ad when I played in this piece afore." Mr. Lawrence politely asked what was the former cue. "Well, sir, it was like this," explained the super. "The gentleman as stood be'ind me used to turn round and say: 'Get off, you idiot!'"

ON hearing that a well-known music-hall comedian had been "egged on to play the part of Hamlet," a wit remarked that probably the fear of being "egged off" caused him to desist.

AN Irishman in St. Louis had both his legs cut off by a railway accident. "It might have been worse, Mike," they said. "Sure," Mike replied, "it might. Suppose I had been a chorus girl!"

"ONCE," remarked the stage manager, "I selected fifty girls for the ballet within ten minutes." "You always were quick at figures!" replied his waggish friend.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT tells of an awkward predicament in which she was once placed while performing out West in America. An unknown admirer who begged to meet her wrote: "If you consent, blow your nose on the stage, and I will understand." "And the worst of it was," Mme. Bernhardt relates, "I had a bad cold at the time, and was afraid to blow my nose all the evening."

A STORY about Mr. Charles M. Schwab has been going the rounds of Wall Street. Mr. Schwab, who is very fond of farcical comedy, one day asked his secretary to get him two tickets for "Charlie's Aunt." The secretary summoned a page and said: "Go round to the theatre and get two tickets for 'Charlie's Aunt.'"

The page hesitated, and said : " But hadn't I better say Mr. Schwab's aunt, sir ? "

THIS story is recalled in *Theatreland* of Sir Arthur Pinero, who was at the time rehearsing with Henry Irving's company. One day, Pinero sat down upon a piece of profile scenery. Irving noticed him, and gave a kindly warning : " Get up, my boy, get up," he said, " you'll cut yourself." " Oh, that will be all right," replied Pinero, resignedly, " we are accustomed to having our parts cut in this theatre."

" IS it possible," gasped the indignant parent, " that you would dishonour my name on the boards of a theatre ? " " But, father," returned the stage-struck youth, " I would take an assumed name." " Indeed ! And supposing you were to succeed, much credit I should get if no one knew I was your father ! "

OVERHEARD Outside a Picture Palace.

—" You have only given me three-half-pence, and the admission is three-pence," said the girl at the pay-box. " I know," replied the man, " but I ought to go in for half-price—I've only got one eye ! "

THE story is told of an old lady, well over eighty years of age, going to a picture palace for the first time in her life. Asked afterwards if she enjoyed it,

she replied: "Indeed, I did, but I'm getting that deaf nowadays I couldn't hear a word they said!"

A YOUNG actor was expected in a particular play to rush on the stage in great excitement and say, "The queen has swooned." He showed the necessary excitement, and called out, "the swoon has queened," and then corrected himself and said, "The sween has quooned," and when the audience began to laugh he tried again with, "The quoon has sweened," when he was called to the wings by the stage manager.

IN an Irish playhouse on one occasion the play was poor, the acting bad, and the orchestra "impossible." The audience suffered it for a while and then "entertained" themselves. They fought. And then above the din was heard the threat of one galleryite to throw another over into the pit. This interested a third music lover. "Ye'll not be after wasting him, I hope," he shouted, "kill a fiddler wid him."

11 p.m. Laughter at Supper.

COMMENTING on the little pretences and excuses employed in social life, a writer tells of a rather frank and unceremonious man, who, declining an invitation to a house-party, wired: "Regret can't come. Lie follows by post."

A CERTAIN high official in Western America had asked his wife to show some kindness to a young officer of the militia to whom he had taken a fancy. She decided to do so at once, and dispatched a note in the usual form in such cases. It ran thus : " Mrs. Potter requests the pleasure of Captain Claflin's company at dinner on Wednesday evening." The answer came back promptly : " With the exception of two men, who regret they have other engagements, Captain Claflin's company will dine with Mrs. Potter with pleasure on Wednesday evening."

SOME clerical dignitaries were about to sit down at a recent banquet when one Bishop remarked : " Now to put a curb on our appetites." His companion, however, quickly responded : " No, sir, now to put a bit between our teeth ! "

RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE, of the Free Synagogue, New York, tells this story. The popular preacher is given to embellishing his sermons with anecdotal-illustrations, and at dinner recently he entertained some friends with a few stories. His little son had been an interested but silent listener to all that had passed. When the dinner was over he came to his father's side and whispered : " Papa, are all the things you have been telling true, or were you just preaching ?

THE following headings have been noticed in a newspaper on two consecutive days: April 1, "Dearth of Oysters"; April 2, "Dearth of Curates." Lent is over. Is it possible that lack of both is due to the over-indulgence on the part of the curates?

THE Rev. W. S. Macgowan, special preacher of St. Anne's, Soho, tells a quaint story, says *London Opinion*. A lady who was recently expecting a Church dignitary to dinner had given her orders to the cook in the absence of the butler. "And please, mum," was the cook's final question, "is the gentleman High Church or Low Church?" "But," said the hostess, "why do you ask that?" "Because," said cook, "John says, 'Be sure and find out if he's High or Low, because High means lots of wine-glasses and Low means plenty of puddings.'"

SIR J. M. BARRIE is rather shy and retiring in manner, and one of the "most enjoyable social functions" he ever attended was, it is said, a dinner at which he turned to his neighbour and asked: "Do you converse?" "No, I don't," replied his neighbour. "Neither do I," exclaimed Barrie, comfortably.

THE poet, Samuel Rogers, was enlarging upon the penalties of fame. "For instance," he said, "directly I sat down to dinner a girl asked me if I was *the* Mr.

Rogers, the poet." "And were you?" snapped his listener.

MR. NAISH tells this story of Oscar Wilde. A gushing young lady once said to him, "Mr. Wilde, you don't remember me—I am Miss Smith." Wilde said, "Oh, yes, I remember your name perfectly, but I can't think of your face."

TWO gentlemen were standing together as a young lady passed them. One of them said "There goes the handsomest woman I ever saw!" She hearing, turned back, and observing him to be very ugly, answered, "I wish, sir, I could in return say as much for you." "So you may, madam," said he, "and lie as I did."

REFERRING to the depressing experience of acting or speaking to a small audience, Mr. Somerset Maugham tells the story of a certain professor who determined to proceed with a lecture one winter evening before an audience of one. The hall was large, and the audience took his seat high up and far back in the very last row. "Why don't you come nearer, my friend?" asked the genial professor. "You would hear much better from the front. "Rats!" retorted the audience. "I didn't come to listen. I came to get warm."

POLITICS in the Wild West.—An American paper describes a mass

meeting in a small Western town, at which a large quantity of refreshments were distributed to keep the audience in good humour. The first speaker rose after the noise had ceased to some extent and began his speech by saying : "The old hall is full to-night," but here his voice was drowned by the confusion. When it had subsided he began again by saying : "The old hall is full to-night." He paused for rhetorical effect, and a thick voice in the back of the hall said, slowly and deliberately : "So is old Bill Horn." The meeting then broke up.

HOW to recite.—The elocution teacher was instructing a student who had insisted upon learning a long and rather prosy piece. "When you have finished the recitation," said the teacher, "bow gracefully and leave the platform on tip-toe." "On tiptoe ?" asked the student "Yes," answered the teacher, "so as not to wake the audience."

HERE is a neat little piece of repartee :
 N. P. Willis, the American writer, was seated next to his hostess's niece at a dinner-party, when the hostess humorously wrote on a card to the young lady : "Don't flirt so with Nat Willis." She herself was talking vivaciously to a Mr. Campbell. Willis wrote the niece's reply :
 "Dear Aunt, don't attempt my young feelings to trammel
 Nor strain at a Nat while you swallow
 a Campbell."

ONE of the toasts drunk at a recent celebration was: "Woman! She requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself!"

SOME people think it queer that we have no female after-dinner speakers. but, says an American writer, there is nothing queer about it. Women tell all they know before dinner is half over.

AN epitaph on a duck: "*Peas to its remains!*"

THE proprietor of a restaurant got involved in litigation, and in due course he received the customary solicitor's bill, the total of which somewhat staggered him. However, he paid it without remark. Later on, says the *Pelican*, the solicitor dined at the restaurant, and he was considerably astonished to receive a bill, which included the following items:—

Preparing menu.

Arranging flowers on table.

Personally superintending the serving of the meal.

Selecting wine.

Seeing that same was in perfect condition.

Remarking "It is a fine day."

Repeating remark.

Attending to the preparation of omelette.

Remarking that "It may rain."

Contradicting the remark.

Suggesting liqueur.

Advising the consumption of a peach.

Striking match to light cigar.

Lighting cigar.

Attending to door.

Passing remark as to the weather.

Saying "Good-night."

The bill has not yet been settled.

GEORGIA lawyer (to coloured prisoner)

—"Well, Ras, so you want me to defend you. Have you any money?"—

Rastus: "No; but I've got a mule and a few chickens, and a hog or two."

Lawyer: "Those will do very nicely. Now, let's see; what do they accuse you of stealing?"—Rastus: "Oh, a mule, and a few chickens, and a hog or two."

—*Life.*

A BUTCHER went to a lawyer and said,

"What can I do with a man whose dog steals meat from my shop?" "Demand the value or summon the owner," returned the lawyer. "Then I want six shillings from you, sir," said the butcher triumphantly, "for it was your dog that stole the meat." "Quite right," said the lawyer genially, "and if you'll hand me over eightpence we shall be square—my fee for consultation is six-and-eightpence!"

A LAWYER and a minister were engaged in a contest of wits, and the lawyer, hoping to get the best of one argument,

said : " Now, supposing the parsons and the devil should have a law suit, which party do you think would win ? " " The devil, unquestionably," replied the minister. " Ah ! " chuckled the young lawyer. " And will you tell us why ? " " Because he would have all the lawyers on his side."

A WIT, dining with a friend and a well-known bookseller, observing that the latter had got extremely drunk, said to his host : " Why, you appear to me to have emptied your wine-cellar into your bookseller."

THIS story is told of two friends—a Londoner and a Scotsman—who were lunching together recently in a restaurant. The latter kept turning to see that his hat and coat remained still on the peg where he had left them. " You are a suspicious chap," said his friend at last. " Who do you think is going to walk in here and steal our coats ? " " Can't say," replied the Scotsman, " but I'll take good care that nobody gets mine ! Yours went ten minutes ago ! "

A MAN left his umbrella in a stand at an hotel recently, with a card attached bearing this inscription :—

" This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds weight. I shall be back in five minutes."

When he returned to claim his pro-

perty, says a writer in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, he found in its place a card bearing the following inscription :—

“This card was left here by a man who can run twelve miles an hour. I shall not come back.”

AN Englishman was telling an American that he “had just been talking to a youth who claimed to have done everything.” “Has he ever wrapped a motor-car round a telegraph pole at three o’clock in the morning?” asked the American. “I think not.” “Then,” said the American, “he has a great deal to learn.”

MARK TWAIN was living in Hartford, Connecticut, where Dr. Doane (now Bishop of Albany) was rector of an Episcopal church, he went to hear one of the clergyman’s best sermons. After it was over Mark approached the doctor and said politely, “I have enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcome it as I would an old friend. I have a book at home in my library that contains every word of it.” “Why, that can’t be, Mr. Clemens,” replied the rector. “All the same, it is so,” said Twain. “Well, I certainly should like to see that book,” rejoined the rector, with dignity. “All right,” replied Mark, “you shall have it,” and the next morning Doctor Doane received with Mark Twain’s compliments a dictionary.

MARK TWAIN had the reputation of being a tremendous talker, and this anecdote is related of him: Once when Mark Twain was returning to New York from one of his "Tramps Abroad" a Customs House official on the quay at New York, at dead of night, refused to accept his statement about the contents of his luggage. At length a superior official was summoned, and he exclaimed, "Don't you see it's Mark Twain? Chalk his luggage, or he'll talk all night."

BEFORE leaving his house to spend the evening with some friends, Mark Twain once gave instructions to his negro servant George to leave the key under a certain stone near the steps after locking up. Returning late that night, Mark made an unsuccessful search for the key, having finally to go round to the negro's house. "Where did you put that key, you black rascal?" he roared. "Oh, massar," answered George, "I found a better place for it!"

A STORY is told of a merry professor (name suppressed) whose wife suddenly discovered him kissing the pretty governess. "John," she exclaimed, "I am surprised!" "No, my dear," replied the old scholar; "I am surprised; you are astonished!"

A WELL-KNOWN lawyer wrote "Rascal" in the hat of a brother.

lawyer, who, on discovering it, entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who, he said, had not only taken his hat, but had written his own name in it.

A WELL-KNOWN tenor, who has a penchant for raw onions, was engaged to sing at an "at home." The gentleman who sat nearest to him was asked how he liked the first song. "I like the song very well," he said, "but I don't like the air."

THERE was a young girl named Louisa,
 A charming and beautiful tisa.
 Her swain, lucky chap!
 Used to call—such a snap!—
 And squisa and squisa and squisa.

MY son," said Bounderby, proudly,
 "has passed his examination well."
 "So has mine," retorted De Broke.
 "Indeed! What in?" "Bankruptcy!"

MR. Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Choate, and Mark Twain were lunching in New York. When the waiter was about to pour out wine for Mr. Choate he shielded his glass.

"What, no wine, Choate?" asked Mark Twain.

"No," said Choate, "I am sixty to-day, yet I never drank a glass of wine, and never have tasted tobacco, nor gambled."

"Really," said Mark, "I wish I could say that."

"Why don't you, Mark?" drawled Reid; "Choate did."

MR. FRANK MOSS, New York's assistant district attorney, told this story recently in illustration of a point he wished to make: "A farmer's horse had gone crazy at the first sight of an automobile," said he, "and a stranger helped him to calm the beast. 'It's a fool horse,' said the stranger. 'The horse has sense enough,' said the farmer, 'but it lacks experience. How would you feel if you saw your pants walking off down the road without anything in 'em?'"

FROM America comes the story of a Scotsman who, while viewing a statue of George Washington, was approached by an interested American. "I think you'll agree with me, sir," said the American, "that he was a great and good man—a lie never passed his lips." "Weel," said the Scot, "I suppose he talked through his nose like the rest of ye."

MR. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, the novelist, at a dinner declared that the "American aristocrat" always reminded him of the bottle of burgundy at the half-dollar table d'hôte, and related this story:—

"Two men, were dining at this table d'hôte, and, to round out

their dinner, they ordered a bottle of burgundy. It came, like all wines that throw off a sediment, lying on its side in a wicker basket, or cradle.

“The first man said, as the waiter carefully filled their glasses :

“ ‘Why is this wine served in a cradle, do you know ? ’

“The second man took a sip of the burgundy, shuddered slightly, and answered :

“ ‘Because it is so young.’ ”

THE crow is one of the bravest of birds, a naturalist declares. Certainly it never shows the white feather.

SOCIETY is divided into two classes—those who have more dinners than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinners.

IN some recollections of the late W. S. Gilbert a writer quotes the following limericks which the librettist once sent in anonymously as a competitor in a competition. He did not get a prize, but his ingenious rhymes for Decima deserved success :—

“There was a young lady, Miss Decima
Whose conduct was voted quite
pessima ;
But she mended at last,
On the eve of the fast
Of the Sunday called Septuagesima.”

“There was a young lady of Pinner
Who was a society sinner.
She went off, they say,
To Paris one day,
And the rest—shall be told after
dinner !”

A CLERGYMAN who had travelled a long way to preach hoped that at the end of the service someone would ask him to dine. The congregation, however, had nearly dispersed when he went up to a gentleman, and said, “Brother, will you dine with me ?” “Where do you live ?” asked the stranger. “Only about twenty miles off,” said the clergyman. “My dear sir,” replied the other, “you must dine with me.” The clergyman accepted the invitation !

“I WAS rather disappointed in that gentleman you introduced to me last night.”

“Indeed ! How so ?”

“Why, you spoke of him as a bridge expert, and he turned out to be nothing but a famous engineer.”

—*Boston Transcript.*

SIR ALFRED TURNER tells a tale of the way in which General Dormer once impressed some Arab spies who had laughed at the idea that the English could do more than the Mahdi. “Can he do this ?” said the General, taking out his glass eye, tossing it in the air, and

putting it back again, and the Arabs, praying fervently, departed in haste !

AT a social gathering near Edinburgh the other day a well-known divine told the following story : An English clergyman met a Scotsman, and asked what he would be if he was not a Scotsman. " I would be an Englishman," replied the Scotsman. The clergyman next encountered an Irishman, and asked him what he would be if he were not an Irishman. The son of Erin thought for a while, and then replied : " Sure, and I would be ashamed of meself entirely ! "

THE story is being recalled of an Archdeacon who was once asked to supply Sunday duty at a country parish at short notice, and, being unable to get a preacher he went himself. At the close of the service the churchwarden respectfully voiced the gratitude of the people thus : " It's very kind of you, sir, we all feel, to come yourself, but we could have done with a much worse preacher than you—if only we could have found one."

A LECTURER was annoyed by a man in the audience who insisted on rising and asking questions. " Sit down, you ass," said a second man, jumping up. " Sit down, you; too," cried a third man ; " you are both asses." " There seem to be plenty of asses about to-night," commented the lecturer ; " but for heaven's sake let us hear one at a time." " Well,

you go on, then," said the first man, resuming his seat.

THE teacher had written on the black-board the sentence : " 'The toast was drank in silence,' " and turning to the class asked them to point out the error. Instantly one small boy waved his hand frantically, and, going to the board, scrawled the correction : " 'The toast was ate in silence.' "

THE retort is recalled of a young surgeon to the hoydenish comments of his elderly hostess, who affected extraordinary youth. At dinner she asked him to carve a fowl, and, never having carved a fowl before, and being painfully shy, he made a mess of it. Instead of trying to cover his confusion, his hostess called attention to it pointedly by looking down the table and saying, loudly : " Well, doctor, you may be a very clever surgeon, but if I wanted a leg off I should not come to you to do it. " " No, madam, " he replied, politely, " but then, you see, you are not a chicken. "

AN Englishman, at a dinner in New York, hailed with delight the conviction by the courts of an American who had stolen millions by means of bogus mines. But, says the *San Francisco Argonaut*, a friend of the criminal heaved a sigh and sad : " Poor old Charlie ! His heart's in the right place, anyway. "

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"Yes," said the Englishman, "and so, thank heaven, is the rest of him for the next four years !"

AN Irishman was in the dock, and juryman after juryman had left the box at his request. At last, however, he was satisfied, and the swearing of the jury was completed. Then he leaned over to his solicitor. "The jury is right now," he whispered, "but ye musht challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him sivilal times already, and maybe he's beginnin' to have a prejudice."

A HUNGRY young cyclist had put up for the night at a wayside inn and found the supper rather scanty, the most substantial part of it being a single sausage roll. "Is that the best you can do in the way of sausage rolls ?" he asked. "Why," said the host, "isn't it good ?" "Oh, it's good enough perhaps ; but the ends of it don't suit me." "The ends. What's the matter with them ?" "Too close together," said the hungry youth, and the innkeeper took the hint.

WON'T you try that chicken soup ?" enquired Mrs. Small, of her boarder, a young barrister. "I have tried it, madam," he returned sadly, "and the chicken has proved an alibi !"

MR. J. SEXTON says he is patriotic enough to defend his own country. "bad as it is." This reminds one of the

Irish toast : " Here's to you, good as you are, and to me, bad as I am, but, good as you are, and bad as I am, I'm as good as you are, bad as I am ! "

HERE are, if I do rightly think,
Five reasons why a man should
drink :
Good wine ; a friend ; or being dry ;
Or lest you should be by and by ;
Or any other reason why.
Dean Aldrich.

11.45 p.m. Laughter with Wine and Cigars.

TEMPERANCE Orator : " Drink water, my brethren. Eschew all spirits and other evil drinks, for water alone never hurt any man." Timid voice from the rear : " What about the Flood ? "

A TEMPERANCE lecturer, complaining of the apathy of his audience, said : " And now let us sing our favourite hymn, ' Our only drink is water,' and *do* put a little spirit into it."

ON a wet day a number of persons took shelter in Rowland Hill's chapel during a heavy shower, while he was preaching. Hill remarked, " Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I don't think that those are much better who make it an umbrella."

IN a certain village church it is the custom for the vicar to await the arrival of the squire before he commences the service. On one occasion the vicar being absent, his place was taken by a substitute, who commenced the service promptly at eleven o'clock, leading off with the usual, "When the wicked man——" "Hush," interrupted the verger, in a piercing whisper; "he isn't here yet."

TOMMY," said the minister sternly, "do you know where little boys go who smoke?" "Yes, sir; behind the tool-shed at the bottom of the garden!"

THE minister was walking down the street one frosty day when he came across the recumbent form of Sandy, the village toper. "Sandy," said the minister sadly, "do you know the wicked stand on slippery places?" "Do they?" hic-coughed the prostrate. "Wish I could."

THE following story is typical of Spurgeon's humour: One day he remarked to one of his sons: "Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?" "No, sir. Why was it?" "Because most of him was backbone, and the rest was grit."

A FAMOUS bishop was rebuking one of his clergy for following the hounds. "My lord," replied the clergyman, "every man must have relaxation, and

I assure your lordship I never go to balls."

"Ah," said the bishop, "I perceive you allude to my having been at the duchess's party; but I give you my word I never was in the same room with the dancers."

"My lord," was the response, "my mare and I are getting old, and we are never in the same field with the hounds."

"PA," inquired Bobbie, "what is meant by 'the race problem'?"
 "Picking winners," murmured the parent.

A WELL-KNOWN racehorse owner said to a veterinary surgeon: "How is it you haven't called on me for your account?" "Oh," said the vet, "I never ask a gentleman for money."
 "Indeed, then how d'you get on if he don't pay?" "Why, after a certain time I conclude he's not a gentleman, and then I ask him."

CONSTABLE DRISCOLL is hard at work in a Toronto police-station writing out his report. He makes two or three false starts, tears up the paper, and begins again.

"What are you doing?" asks the sergeant. "Writing a letter?"

"No. Over there in Cholmondeley Street a dead horse is lying, and according to Paragraph 17 of the instructions I must report on it." Begins chewing his penholder again.

After a pause. "How do you spell Cholmondeley Street?"

"Hay," answered the sergeant, "h'm—oh! just the same as it's always been spelt."

Driscoll gets up, puts on his coat, and prepares to go out.

"Where are you going?" asks the sergeant.

"Why, I'm just going to drag that d—d beast round the corner into King Street, and then I shall be able to write my report."

"YOU tell me," said the judge, "that this is the person who knocked you down with his automobile. Could you swear to the man?" "I did," returned the complainant, eagerly, "but he didn't stop to hear me!"

A WELL-KNOWN Irish baronet recently employed a man to take an inventory of his house. He conducted him to the dining-room, telling him to begin there; he would join him later, and show him the other rooms. Returning in about an hour, the owner found an empty whisky decanter on the table and the man stretched at full length on the floor. A book was found on the table with the following notes: "1, One empty decanter. 2, One large revolving carpet."

"DONALD," inquired a friend. "Why dae ye tak' your dram a' at ane

mouthful ? ” “ Eh, mon,” returned Donald, in a hoarse whisper, “ I once had ma glass knocked over ! ”

SANDY, noted for his thrift, had been married a fortnight when he met a friend, who inquired how matrimony suited him. “ Mon,” said Sandy, in depressed tones, “ it’s awfu’. The wife is aye botherin’ me for siller.” “ What, already ? ” exclaimed his friend. “ Hoo muckle dae ye gie her ? ” “ Why,” said the thrifty one, “ I’ve no gi’en her ony-thing yet ! ”

A LONDONER just returned from Scotland sends to the *Chronicle* this example of Firth of Clyde language : “ Poo-pa-poo : aw-ma-noo guar-pa-poo.” The strange sounds are supposed to be uttered by a wee Macgregor in a rowing boat with his parents ; and the interpretation is “ Pull, pa, pull ; oh, ma, now, gaur (make pa pull.” The Chinese-like exhortation is a good companion for “ Flaflaflarry ”—which is sound Glasgow for “ Fellow fell off a lorry.”

THE ladies were talking after the dinner. “ My husband is a model husband,” said one, “ he never drinks, never gambles.”

“ Does he never smoke ? ” asked the hostess.

“ Only after a very good dinner.”

Just then the men came in. The hostess offered the model husband a cigar.

He declined it, and wondered why everyone, except his wife, laughed.

SAID Jones sadly : "Something I said to my wife some days ago so offended her she hasn't spoken to me since." "Old chap," returned Henpeck, with painful eagerness, "would you mind telling me what it was you said ?"

SUFFRAGIST : "We believe that a woman should get a man's wages."

Married Man : "Well, judging from my own experience, she does."

AT a certain college the male students were not permitted to visit the resident lady boarders. One day a male student was caught in the act of doing so, and was brought before the Principal, who said : "Well, Mr. Blank, the penalty for the first offence is 2s. 6d., for the second 5s., for the third 7s. 6d., and so on, rising half-a-crown each time up to £3." "How much would a season ticket cost ?" asked the imperturbable student.

A WELL-KNOWN professor is fond of putting this question to advocates of co-education : "If you lecture to twenty boys and twenty girls in the same room, will the boys attend to the lecture or to the girls ?" Of course the co-educationist, to be consistent, must say that they will listen to the lecture. "Well

if they do," replies the jocular professor, "they are not worth lecturing to."

STANDING aside to make way for two ladies at a certain brilliant social gathering to pass through a doorway, Napoleon remarked, "*Passez beautés !*" Then, aside, when they had gone: "*Beautés passées !*"

THE man who leaves the water-rate had the door opened to him by a little girl proud of her worldly knowledge. He presented the paper. She smiled, backed into the hall, and murmured, "Thank you, we don't subscribe."

THE young lawyer had opened his office that very day and sat expectant of clients. A step was heard outside, and the next moment a man's figure was silhouetted against the ground-glass of the door. Hastily the legal fledgling stepped to his brand-new telephone, and, taking down the receiver, gave every appearance of being deep in a business conversation. "Yes, Mr. S.," he was saying, as the man entered, "I'll attend to that corporation matter for you. Mr. J. had me on the 'phone this morning and wanted me to settle a damage suit, but I had to put him off, as I'm so rushed with cases just now. But I'll try to sandwich your matter in between my other cases somehow. Yes, yes. All right. Good-bye." Hanging up the receiver, he

turned to his visitor, having, as he thought duly impressed him. "Excuse me, sir," the man said, "but I'm from the telephone company. I've come to connect up your instrument."

"IT'S very odd," said one barrister to another, "that the judge should have decided against me on that point of law, which seemed to me as plain as A B C." "Yes," replied the listener, "but of what use is it that it should have been as plain as A B C to you, if the judge was determined to be D E F to it?"

TWO lawyers before an American judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent: "Sir, you are, I think, the biggest fool that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon." "Order! Order!" said the judge, gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."

A SOLICITOR called upon a professional brother one day and asked his advice upon a point of law. The lawyer whose opinion had been sought said, "I generally get paid for what I know." The questioner thereupon took half a crown out of his pocket, handed it to the other, and remarked: "Tell me all you know, and give me the change!"

THIS story is recalled of a celebrated negro minstrel who, when being

examined as a witness, was severely interrogated by a lawyer. "You are in the minstrel business, I believe?" inquired the lawyer. "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Is not that rather a low calling?" "I don't know but what it is, sir," replied the minstrel, "but it is so much better than my father's that I am rather proud of it." The lawyer fell into a trap. "What was your father's calling?" he inquired. "He was a lawyer," replied the witness, in a tone that sent the whole court into a roar of laughter as the discomfited lawyer sat down.

MAGISTRATE: "And what was the prisoner doing?" Constable: "'E were 'avin' a very 'eated argument with a cabdriver, yer worship." Magistrate: "But what that doesn't prove he was drunk." Constable: "Ah! But there worn't no cabdriver there, yer worship!"
—*London Opinion.*

MAGISTRATE: "Didn't I tell you the last time you were here that I never wanted to see you again?"

Prisoner: "Yes, yer honour; I told the constable, and he wouldn't believe it."

"WHY didn't you go to the help of the defendant in the fight?" inquired the Magistrate. "I didn't know which of them was going to be the defendant, your Honour," replied the witness.

AN American in England once had occasion to go to law with an English firm, and went to a good English solicitor to conduct his case for him. The solicitor told him that he thought he would probably win his case, but that much depended on who the judge was, and in what mood he might be. 'Oh,' said the American, 'I should say, then, that a present to the judge would be about the size of it.' The lawyer was horrified, and explained that the fact of a litigant offering a bribe to a judge would be perfectly fatal, and would be sure to prejudice the judge against him. 'You don't say!' said the man of dollars. 'Wall, I guess it is different our side!'

The trial came on, the American won, and his lawyer came to him saying, 'Well, sir, I hope you are satisfied, and I don't think I managed it badly!' 'Right you are, sir,' said he. 'But I can't help thinking that case of champagne I sent the judge had something to do with it.'

'You sent the judge a present?' gasped the lawyer.

'Why, certainly,' he replied, 'after what you told me it seemed to be the only sensible thing, but of course I sent it from the other side!'—*Percy Ll. Naish in "The Rollings of a Mossless Stone."*

A WELL-KNOWN K.C., in cross-examining a witness who had every appearance of having indulged in alcoholic stimulants, asked; "Have you

been drinking ? ” “ That is my business,” replied the indignant witness. “ And what is your other business, please ? ” proceeded the counsel.

ONE of the Lords of Session at Edinburgh, once declared that he was head and ears in debt. “ How can that be ? ” he was asked. “ It is true,” he replied, “ for I have got a new wig on and I have not paid for it.”

IN Bond Street one day, George Grossmith met a “ blood ” of his acquaintance. “ Doin’ anything special ? ” asked the “ blood.” “ No,” said “ Gee-Gee.” “ Then come and see my new Autumn socks ! ”

WHILE looking through an evening paper in George Edwardes’s office one day, Grossmith told his chief that Tolstoi was dead. “ Oh, dear, what a pity ! ” Mr. Edwardes exclaimed. “ Good-bye Summer ’ was my favourite song.”

IT was a cold and wintry night,
A man stood in the street ;
His aged eyes were full of tears,
His boots were full of feet.

A SCOTSMAN tells this story of a beadle who was afflicted with a severe thirst, and was warned that he was killing himself. “ You really have not the sense of the lower animals, William,” the doctor said. “ Look at a

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horse when he is taken down to the river to slake his thirst; when he has had enough he stops." "Aye," retorted William, "but gin there was a horse at the ither side o' the water sayin' 'Here's tae ye,' he wad gang on."

AN Epitaph.

Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law;
And when he died
The Devil cried
Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law!

Thomas Moore.

Midnight to 7.15 a.m. Laughter
for a Wakeful Night.

EVERY dog has its day. "And,"
bitterly comments a suburban
dweller, "every cat its night."

HE was a cheerful philosopher who
wrote that "today is the to-morrow
we worried about yesterday, and it never
happened."

CUSTOM House Officer (displaying a
full bottle of whisky): "I thought
you declared that you had nothing but
clothes in your trunks." Fair Passenger:
"So I did. That is my husband's night-
cap."—*Harper's Weekly.*

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remarked Sandy, "I did a thing last nicht what I've no dune this twenty year. I went to ma bed pairrfectly sober, but I'm richt thankful to say I got up this mornin' none the waur!"

"IT takes an old maid to be always imagining there's a man in the house," said the lonely wife; "a married woman soon learns to know better."

THE married man who misses the last train always catches it, says Estelle Klauder.

"WITH a man, things go in at one ear and out at the other; with a woman," says Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, "they go in at two ears and rush out at the mouth."

THE night porter at a big hotel was astonished to see the figure of a man, scantily dressed, descending the stairs in the early hours of the morning. Tapping him on the shoulder, the porter said, brusquely: "What are you doing here?" The man turned, and said, in a dazed way: "I beg your pardon. . . . I am a somnambulist." "Well, sir," was the reply, "you can't walk about here like that, no matter what your religion is!"

AN Irish doctor sent this bill to a lady: "To curing your husband till he died, £25."

IT is related that an attorney in Dublin having died in great poverty a shilling subscription was set on foot to pay the expenses of his funeral. Lord Chief Justice Norbury, noted for his caustic wit, was asked if he would also subscribe his shilling. "Only a shilling!" exclaimed the judge, "to bury an attorney! Here is a guinea—go and bury twenty-one of them!"

AN American was expanding largely the other day in a Strand restaurant about the terrible storms he had encountered. He had seen hailstones the size of a penny piece.

"That's nothing to the great storm in Cork five years ago," said an Irishman in the company. "Shure, the hailstones there varied in size from a shilling to eighteenpence."

A BIT of dialogue from a Yorkshire pantomime :—

"Queer, isn't it?"

"What's queer?"

"Why, the night falls ——"

"Yes."

"But it doesn't break."

"No."

"And the day breaks ——"

"Yes."

"But it doesn't fall" (beats hasty retreat).

MAMMA," came a plaintive voice from

a drink of water ? ” “ No,” was the stern reply ; “ you go to sleep, or I’ll come up and whip you.” “ Then, when you come to spank me, mamma, will you bring me a drink ? ”

MOTHER (reprovingly) : “ Bertie, if you’ll promise not to say ‘ Confound it ’ again I’ll give you sixpence.”

Bertie : “ All right, mother ; but I know a word that’s worth two bob ! ”

A BRIGHT youth once assured his inquiring uncle that although he did not swear he “ knew all the words.”

AN art-school student recently painted the picture of a dog under a tree so life-like that it was impossible to distinguish the bark of the tree from the bark of the dog.

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON observes in *The New Witness* :—“ If you look into the dark, unfathomable eyes of a dog, you are looking into wells of mystery that go down into the abysses of the first silence, where no questions can be asked or answered. But if you look into the dark, unfathomable eyes of a costermonger, the silence will be broken by his inquiring if he is a — bioscope ; and simpler relations will at once be established.”

DISCUSSING blunders made by nervous or absentminded people, a writer recalls that of the woman who said to the usher in the church, "May I occupew this pie!" which, of course, rattled the usher, who replied, "No, but I'll sow you to another sheet." There is also the case of the Fourth of July orator, who referred to "George Crossington washing the Delaware."

FIRST Coster (outside picture dealer's window): "Who was this 'ere Nero, Bill? Wasn't he a chap what was always cold?"

Second Coster: "No, ~~that~~ was Zero, anuvver bloke altogether."

A PHILADELPHIA lawyer and connoisseur was describing some of his experiences in search of curios.

"I once entered a shop," he said, smiling, "and the salesman pointed out to me a dilapidated chair. 'That there chair, sir,' he said, impressively, 'belonged to Louis Cross-eye, King of France.' 'Louis Cross-eye?' said I. 'Why, there's no such person.' 'Oh, yes, there is, sir,' said the salesman, and he showed me a ticket marked 'Louis XI.'"

SOTHERN, the actor, was once walking in the Strand with a friend on the day of a Royal opening of Parliament when they overheard a man who had been thrown out of a public-house loudly

addressing his ejector. "Another speech from the thrown," was Sothern's comment.

IT is recalled that a great punster was once asked to make an extempore pun. "On what subject?" he asked. "On the King," was the reply. "Oh," said the punster, "the King is not a subject!"

THE great Duke of Wellington was one day tapped on the shoulder by a stranger in Pall Mall, who said, "Mr. Ramsbotham, I believe!" "If you can believe that, you can believe anything!" was all the Duke replied.
—*From Mr. P. LL. Naish's "Chestnuts, Hot and Cold."*

MR. ELIHU ROOT was cross-examining a young woman in court one day. "How old are you?" he asked. The young woman hesitated. "Don't hesitate," said Mr. Root. "The longer you hesitate the older you are."

THE story is told of a well-known traveller who on one journey was much annoyed by a pedantic bore who forced himself upon him and made a great parade of his learning. The traveller stood it as long as he could, and at length, looking at him gravely, said: "My friend, you and I know all that is to be known." "How is that?" said the man, pleased with what he thought a compli-

ment. "Why," said the traveller, "you know everything except that you are a fool, and I know that."

WHEN forth to steal he softly stole,
His bags of chink he chunk,
And many a wicked smile he smole,
And many a wink he wunk

THIS story is told of a young couple who had been sweethearts but had quarrelled. One day the former lover had to make a business call on the girl's father and, of course, it so happened that she answered the door. "I beg your pardon," said the young man, keeping his nerve in the trying circumstances remarkably well. "Miss Perkins, I think? Is your father in?" "No, he's not, I'm sorry to say. Did you wish to see him personally?" asked the maiden, without the slightest sign of recognition showing in her eyes. "Yes; but it will do to-morrow. Thank you. I will call again! Good afternoon!" But this was too much. As he reached the bottom step the girl spoke: "Excuse me! Who shall I say called?"

PROFESSOR BLACKIE, feeling unwell, once wrote on his class-room door this notice: "The professor will be unable to meet his classes this evening." A student rubbed out a letter and made it "The professor will be unable to meet his lasses this evening." Blackie, perceiving this, turned the tables by

striking off the next letter, and making the notice read : " The professor will be unable to meet his asses this evening."

SHERIDAN was one day annoyed by a fellow-member of the House of Commons who kept crying out, "*Hear, hear.*" During the debate he took occasion to describe a political opponent. "Where" he exclaimed with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he !" "*Hear, hear,*" shouted the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.

ONE very hot day a case was being tried in the Law Courts, and counsel was speaking at great length, when the judge inquired the amount in dispute. On being told it was two pounds, "Well," said the judge, "the weather is very hot, I am very old, and also feeble—I'll pay the amount myself."

A MAN showed a lawyer a five-shilling piece and asked whether he thought it a good one. The lawyer said it was, put it in his pocket, remarked that his fee for advice was 6/8, and held out a hand for the remaining 1/8.

THE minister to the Sunday School :
"With what remarkable weapon did Samson slay the Philistines ?"

No answer.

The Minister, tapping his jaw, "What's this, what's this?"

Small Boy: "I know, sir. The jaw-bone of an ass, sir."

TWO persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth. The disturbed dog immediately began barking furiously. An old divine who had been quietly sipping his tea without joining in the wrangle, gave the dog a kick and exclaimed: "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they do."

EDISON says that four hours' sleep is enough for any man. "There's nothing novel in that," comments a young father. "We have a two-year-old baby at home who knew that a year ago."

A PAWNBROKER was deep in sleep, when a hammering at his front door fetched him to the bed-room window. He flung up the sash. "Whatsh tæ time?" was the question of the caller. "Do you mean to tell me——," he stormed. "I wan'sh know the time," repeated the midnight visitor. "How dare you knock——." "Well," broke in the injured reveller, "you've got my watch."

Whom Stories are told in The Laughter Lover's Vade-Mecum.

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